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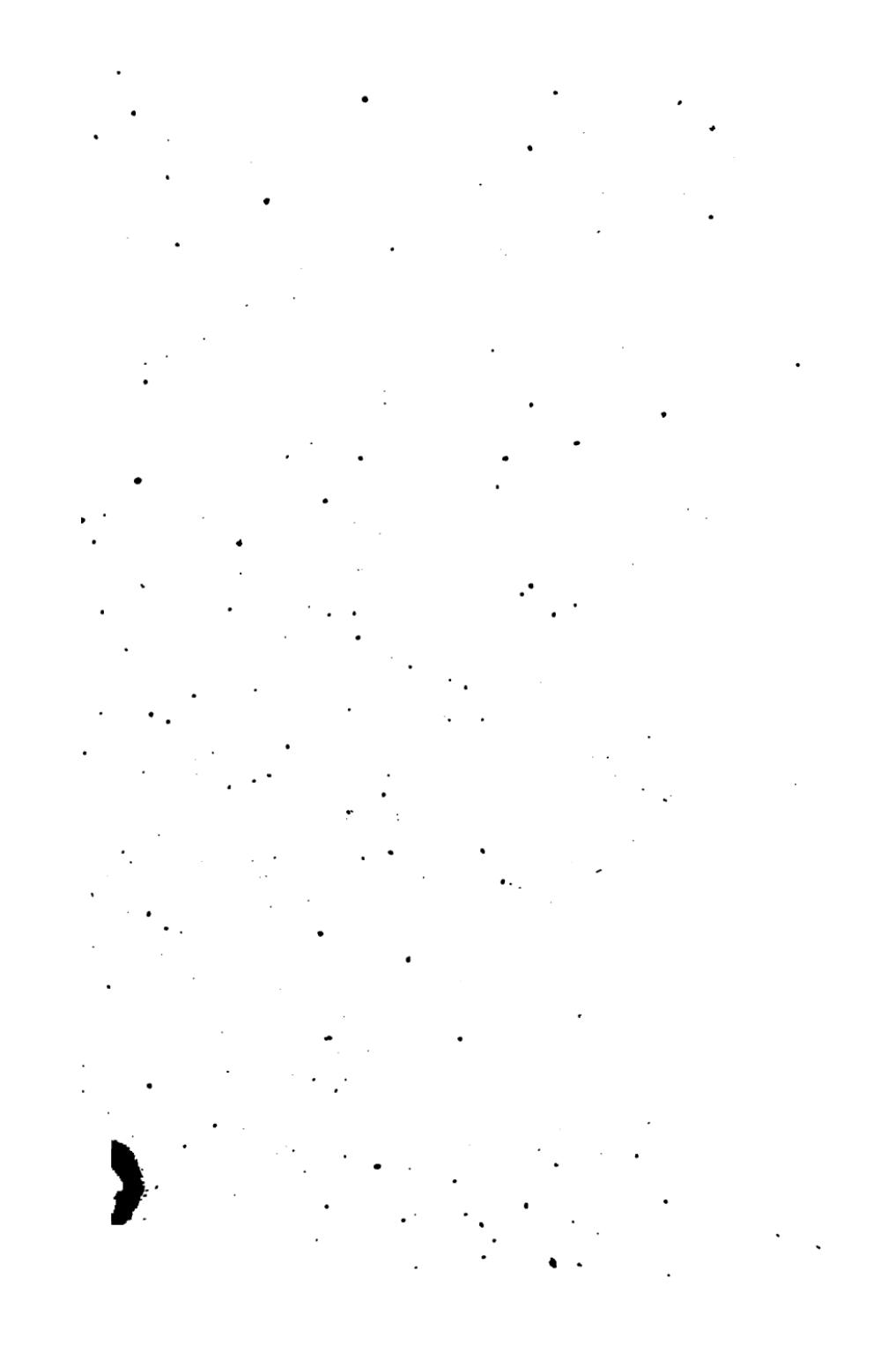


CAPTAIN SIMON SUGGS.

YANKEE HUMOUR AND UNCLE SAM'S FUN



DOW, JUN^{SR.}



YANKEE HUMOUR,

AND

Uncle Sam's Fun.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION, BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

From crib to shroud!
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,
And friends in boots tramp round us as we die,
Snuffling aloud.

HOLMES, *Boston.*

WITH EIGHT PAGE ENGRAVINGS.

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YANKEE HUMOUR,

AND

Uncle Sam's Fun.

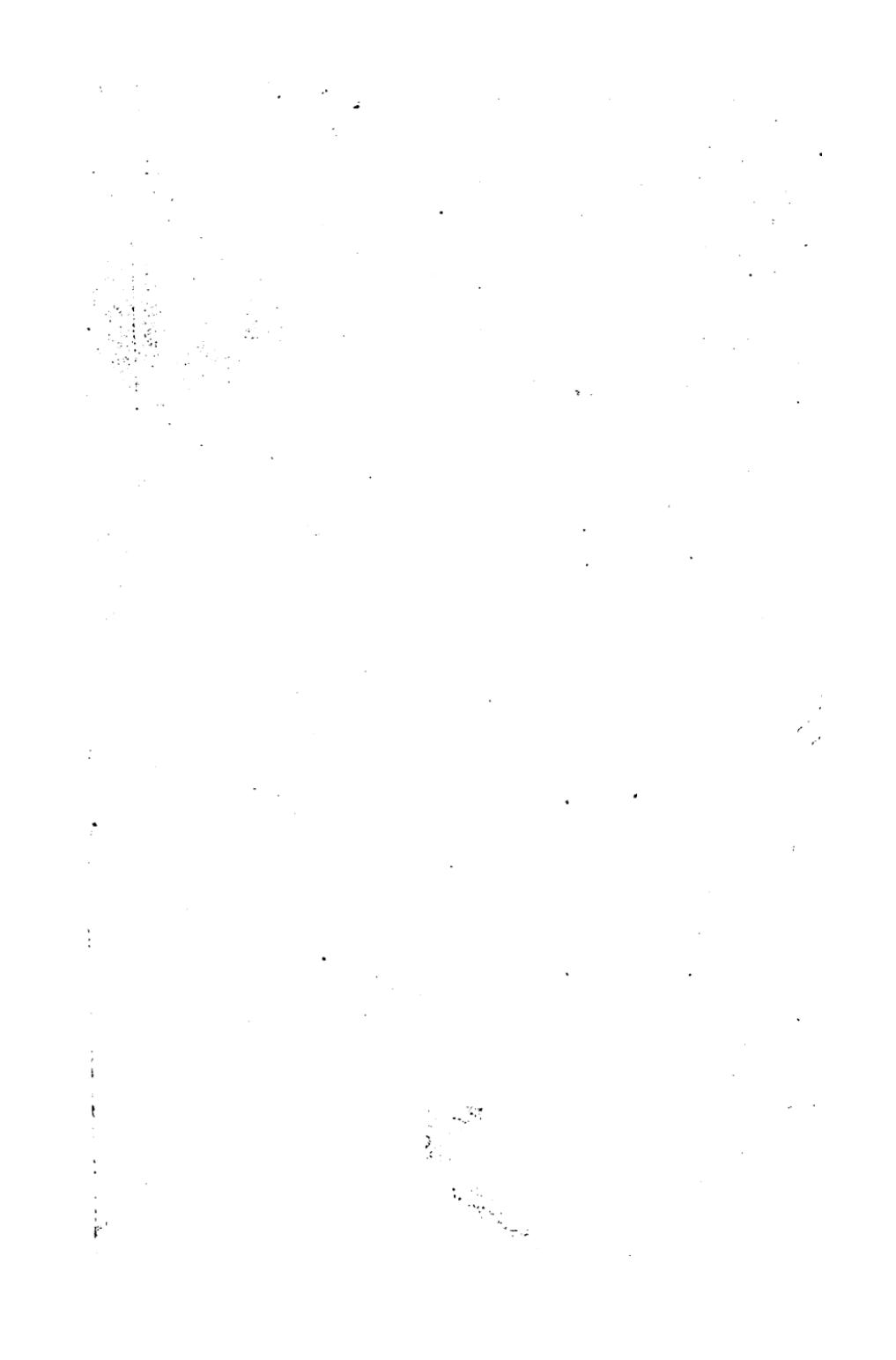
IT is not long that America has asserted a literature sufficiently distinct to be deserving of the title of NATIONAL. At length, however, she started fairly in the race, and her divines, poets, historians, essayists, novelists, travellers, and scholars have kept pretty nearly an equal pace with the authors of Europe; and the confraternity of the United States is now a great and recognised fact in the grand Republic of Letters. The works of many of her writers have deservedly achieved a universal popularity; and in England especially, where the same language is spoken, they are as familiar as those of the native contemporaries. Indeed, we know no difference or distinction between them; and the learning, science, poetry, invention, and various and instructive talent wafted to us across the broad Atlantic, are welcomed with pleasure, and mingle with our own productions, as if both were the fruits and flowers of the same soil.

With every other branch of transatlantic literature we have ample acquaintance; but of the humorous exhibitions of the press we know very little, or nothing beyond a stray paragraph now and then from a newspaper, a *New Orleans Picayune*, or *New York Gaminist*. Yet these escapades, and squibs and crackers, are most characteristic of the people, and of circumstances and habits the farthest removed from civilization, in which (we must call them) civilized men can be engaged. The nurses of these curious phenomena are found in the wilderness, in pioneering against savage obstacles and primeval nature, in dreary solitudes where the mind has no useful employment, and in the uncertain and extraordinary circumstances of a society so fast and so loose, that it has not and never had any parallel in the history of mankind.

Of the humours they generated, the British public, we repeat, has no knowledge, and this consideration has induced us to undertake the task of at least a *coup d'essai*, to bring it acquainted with some of the fun and eccentricities of the far west, south west, and Yankee notions of what the witty, ludicrous, and entertaining ought to be.

Our text-book is "Short Patent Sermons by Dow, jr.," originally published in the *New York Mercury*, and now collected in two







CAPTAIN SIRIUS STURGE.

YANKEE HUMOUR AND UNCLE SAM'S FUN



DOW, JUN⁸.

tree. I never wasted powder and lead when I wanted one of the creatures. Well, as I was walking out one night, a few hundred yards from my house, looking carelessly about me, I saw a 'coon planted upon one of the highest limbs of an old tree. The night was very moony and clear, and old Ratler was with me; but Ratler wont bark at a 'coon—he's a queer dog in that way. So I thought I'd bring the lark down, in the usual way, by a grin. I set myself, and after grinning at the 'coon a reasonable time, found he didn't come down. I wondered what was the reason, and I took another steady grin at him. Still he was there. It made me a little mad; so I felt round, and got an old limb about five feet long, and planting one end upon the ground, I placed my chin upon the other, and took a *rest*. I then grinned my best for about ten minutes; but the cursed 'coon hung on. So, finding I couldn't bring him down by grinning, I determined to have him, for I thought he must be a droll chap. I went over to the house, got my axe, returned to the tree, saw the 'coon still there, and began to cut away. Down it came, and I run forward; but d—n the 'coon was there to be seen. I found that what I had mistook for one, was a large knot upon a branch of the tree; and upon looking at it closely, saw that I had grinded all the bark off, and left the knot perfectly smooth."

Need we add, that the Colonel thus grinded himself into congress as the representative of Tennessee; and in the House his speeches were quite on a par with those he made in the fields—he could almost grin the president out of the chair.

The colonel's comparisons and dialect are of the true American type. "My *dander* was up, and I was determined not to gack till I had done it." "I saw a little woman streaking it along through the woods *like all wrath*." Another woman is "as ugly as a stone fence, and so ugly, that it almost gave me a pain in the eyes to look at her. She looked at me as savage as a meat-axe. I instantly felt like *going*. I screamed out like a young painter (panther), though I was so mad that I was burning inside like a tar kiln, and I wonder that the smoke hadn't been pouring out of me at all points."

Jack Downing's work was political and clever; and we have other specimens in the "Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs," a vividly drawn character of hypocrisy and craft;* and "Georgia Scenes in the first half century of the Republic,"† both of which exhibit much graphic talent, though perhaps rather too local to afford the same amusement to English as to American readers. One remark, however, may be made on the popularity of these publications in America, viz., that brother Jonathan, although so thin-skinned, sore and irritable when an English author ventures to find fault with or ridicule his national defects or social weak points, is well inclined to enjoy a laugh at them from the pen of a native draughtsman. The *Picayune*, of New Orleans, and many of the far West journals, especially the latter, at times when news is scarce, are redolent of ludicrous inven-

* Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1846.

† New York: Harper and Brothers. 1848.

tions, which supply the place of the *Punch* of London, and *Charivari* of Paris: the three varieties serving to illustrate the truth of our introductory observations. The Negro manners are the fruitful source of an altogether different class of pleasantry in tale, song, anecdote, and description. "What's o'clock, Mungo?" "Half-past one, massa." "It is more, sirrah, I heard it strike two." (He has been tippling Champagne and Madeira)—"Yes, massa, be sure it did: you see double. Clock going on fast as him, for Christmas next week." "Ay, ay, that accounts for it." But Negro stories are inexhaustible; and we must not enter upon the theme when we have Dow jr.'s *Patent Sermons*, which have suggested these remarks, before us for discussion.

In the exhibition of American humour, so much depends upon the language, that it is requisite to have some notion, not only of the newly-coined phraseology, but of the distinctive localization of the patois which belongs to various States and divisions and subdivisions of the Union. There is an essential difference between Texas and Virginia, Georgia and Massachusetts. But besides the strange admixture of the nigger, the two grand lines of demarcation are between the northern provinces and the west and south-west; the former speaking the pure Yankee tongue, and the latter the embroidered idiom of uncle Sam. The Yankee is given in perfection by Sam Slick, the famous clockmaker, and Dow, jr.; the Samian ware by Crockett, Simon Suggs, Major Jones, and others to whom we shall have occasion to refer by and by; and yet more particularly by Philip Paxton, author of "A Stray Yankee in Texas," who lays down the broad distinction in a manner which will be quite new to English readers. He tells us:

The origin and perpetuity of many of the queer and out-of-the-way phrases may be traced to the semi-annual meetings of gentlemen of the bar at the courts of the southern and western States. These gentlemen, living as they do in the thinly inhabited portion of the land, and among a class of persons generally very far their inferiors in point of education, rarely enjoying anything that may deserve the name of intellectual society, are too apt to seek for amusement in listening to the droll stories and odd things always to be heard at the country store or bar-room. Every new expression and queer tale is treasured up, and new ones manufactured against the happy time when they shall meet their *brothers-in-law* at the approaching term of the district court. If ever pure fun, broad humour, and "laughter holding both his sides" reign supreme, it is during the evenings of these sessions. Each one empties and distributes his well-filled budget of wit and oddities, receiving ample payment in like coin, which he pouches, again to disseminate at his earliest opportunity. Newspaper writers, at dull times, are also apt at coining quaintnesses, both in words and tales, and especially those ludicrous exaggerations which may almost be considered as entirely American.

But Mr. Paxton farther informs us, that though as a general rule the same words and phrases prevail throughout the south and west, yet every state has its local peculiarities; Texas, for instance, a large

admixture of Spanish words; Louisiana of French; and Georgia and Alabama of Indian. North Carolina is notorious for a peculiar flatness of pronunciation in such words as *crap* for *crop*, *carn* for corn, *peert* for *pert*, &c. I *allow*, meaning "I think," "I consider," is believed to be of Alabama origin, and so is the funny expression "*done gone*," "*done done*," implying "entirely gone" and "entirely done." In Virginia many of the lower classes pronounce *th* as *d*, *dat* for that, *dar* for their, *dis* for this. The negro words and pronunciation gathered in their queer rambling tales, especially by those who accompany them on their 'coon hunts, become so habitual, that even good education does not always prevent lapses into the darky colloquialism, just as cockney habits often inflict wounds on respectable London elocution. We do not hear that the Irish immigration has yet produced any striking effect.

In effect, there are two great and distinct classes in the United States, the Yankee and the Virginian; the former occupying the New England States, and thence spreading in almost every direction, claiming a great portion of the State of Ohio, and even a share of Indiana and Illinois, although in these two last mentioned States the southern peculiarities of speech are more common; the latter properly commencing at that imaginary division, "Mason and Dickson's Line," and thence running south and west. The intermediate States are divided between the two. New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey afford few tokens of their original Dutch and Swedish; but the proofs of the main theory are decisive. Ask questions of any native. Should he "guess," he is a Yankee: should he "reckon," he is a Southron. The Yankee "*calculates*" (shrewdly enough)—the Southron "*allows*." The one "*wouldn't wonder*" if some anticipated event took place, whilst the other, more ardent and careless of assertion, "*goes his death upon it*" that it will. The former, puritanically, is "*as sartin as preaching*"; the latter, with his rifle ever in hand, is "*as sure as shooting*." The one will be "*darned*," and the other "*derned*"; both avoiding the expletive oath only to a letter of equivocation; and this avoidance of direct profanity is curiously illustrated by the one being *Gaul darned* and the other *Dod derned*, so that the Almighty name is curiously corrupted in two very different etymological ways.

In the north, every silicious mass is a *stone*, though large enough to weigh a ton; in the south it is a *rock*; though not the size of a school-boy's taw. A child picks up a *rock* to throw at a bird; but if it should be a piece of wood, *chunk* is the epithet. In Arkansas, *donoch* usurps the place of either stone or rock. The old Texan has no farm, it is a *vauche*. He has no rope, it is a *carriat* (raw hide twisted or plaited), or a *cabervor* (horse or cattle hair spun into a line). He *hunts* everything—bees, lost *beeves* (oxen), or a doctor when wanted. He knows nothing of a *mark*, everything is a *sign*—turkey-sign, bear-sign, hog-sign, cow-sign, Indian-sign, &c. A fish-spear is to him a *groin*, a boat a *dugout*, a halter a *bosaal*, a whip a *quirl*, a house a *log-pen*. He does not kill his game, but *saves*, or *gets it*, or *makes it come*.

The noted judge W., better known as "three-legged Willie," we are told, once attended a stump meeting for the purpose of addressing the multitude and soliciting their votes for Congress. His opponent had slain a man in a casual quarrel, and endeavoured to explain and palliate the homicidal act. Willie listened, with a sneer upon his face, and when the address was finished, rose and remarked:—"The gentleman need not have wasted so much breath in excusing himself for having *saved* a notorious rascal; all of you know that I have shot three, and two of them *I got*."

Thar, in the backwoodsman's lingo, is a word of universal import. To be *thar* is equivalent to being perfect, *au fait* to any and everything. A man who accepts an invitation to a frolic or a fight, a wedding or a funeral, replies "*I'm thar*." The king of the beasts invited his subjects to a ball, and the guests attended, excepting the ass alone, who refused, even at the solicitation of royalty, to enter the ball-room. "Your majesty," said the donkey, "I am not much of a hand at a ball and dancing, but if there's a concert and singing to be done, *I'm thar*!"

With this brief explanatory episode, touching the lingua-franca which renders the American comic literature altogether so different from that of the mother country, and, indeed, worthy of more attention as an example of the processes by which languages become changed than would befit this first step in the way, we will advance towards our text, the hybrid-comicalities of Dow, jr., so full of good sense endorsed by burlesque and whim.

The adventures of Captain Simon Suggs, of the Tallapoosa Volunteers, embody the uttermost sharpness, not to say rascality, of the resolute go-a-head character in a new country, which would rather succeed by foul than by fair means, and in which it is declared to be good to be shifty. Here is his effigy, drawn by Darley, and which bespeaks the man of Alabama.

The sketches of manners, laws, and customs, are lively and droll, and taking the census most truly and peculiarly American. Simon is driven forth as an incorrigible boy by a sanctimonious father and an old "hard-shell" baptist preacher. One of his first *coups* is to jockey a Mr. Jones out of a considerable sum of money and an exchange horse, under pretence that he (without a dollar in his purse) is hurrying on to buy the same lot of land which he has wormed out Jones to be on his way to purchase. Suggs overtakes the traveller, and as the captain struck his heels against Ball's sides, Mr. Jones seemed to grow nervous. "Whereabouts does your land lie?" he asked. "Up in Tallapoosy," replied Suggs; and again he thumped Ball with his heels. Mr. Jones evidently grew more uneasy. "What part of the country?" he asked. "Close to the Chambers' Line—not far from Dodd's Store. Get along, Ball!" was the captain's answer. "Stop, sir, if you please—perhaps—I would like—we'd better, perhaps, under"—gasped Mr. Jones, in great agitation. "To be sure we had," said Suggs, with great *sang froid*. "It's jist as you say; but what the devil's the matter with you?—are you going to take a fit?" Jones explained that he thought it likely they were both

going to enter the same piece of land. "What did you say was the number of yours?" he asked. "I didn't mention *no* numbers, as well as I *now* recollect," said Suggs, with a bland smile. "However, Squire Jones, as it looks like your gear don't fit you, somehow, I'll just tell you that the land I'm after is a d—d little, no-account quarter section, that nobody would have but me; its poor and piney, but it's got a snug little shoal on it, with twenty or twenty-five foot fall; and maybe they'll want to build a little town at Dodd's some of these days, and I mought sell 'em the lumber. Seein' you're pretty much afoot, even if you wanted it, I may as well give you the numbers, if I can, without lookin' in my pocket-book. It's ten—ten—ten—section ten, township—oh, d—n the number, I never can remember—"

"S. E. quarter of ten: 22, 25—aint it?" asked Jones, who looked perfectly wild.

"Now, you hit me! good as four aces,—them's the figures!" said Captain Suggs. "It's the same piece I'm after; I'll give you fifty dollars to let me enter it." "You wouldn't now, would you?" "I'll give you a hundred." "Try again!" "Well, I'll give you a hundred and fifty, and not a dollar more," said Jones, in a decisive tone. "Let's see—well, I reckon—tho' I don't know—yes, I suppose I must let you have it, as I can't well spar the money to enter it at this time, no how,"—remarked Suggs, with much truth, as his cash on hand didn't amount to quite one-fortieth part of the sum necessary to make the entry. "But we must swap horses, and you must give me twenty dollars boot."

This was agreed to, and Captain Simon Suggs received the one hundred and seventy dollars with the air of a man who was conferring a most substantial favour; and made divers remarks laudatory of his own disposition, while Mr. Jones counted the bills and changed the saddles. Turning his horse's head homeward, Captain Suggs soliloquized somewhat in this vein: "A pretty toloble fair mornin's work, I should say. A hundred and seventy dollars in the clear spizarinectum, and a horse wuth just fifty dollars more than old Ball!—That makes two hundred and twenty dollars, as nigh as I can guess, without I had Dolbear along! Now, some fellars, after makin' sich a little decent rise would milk the cow dry, by pushin' on to Doublejoys, startin' a runner the nigh way to Montgomery, by the Augusty ferry, and enterin' that land in somebody else's name before Jones gets tha! But honesty's the best policy. Honesty's the bright spot in *any* man's character! Fair play's a jewel, but honesty beats it all to pieces! Ah, yes, *honesty*, HONESTY's the stake that Simon Suggs will ALLERS tie to! What's a man without his inteeegerty?"

But Suggs' great propensity is gambling, and what he gains by the most ingenious swindling, reminding us of Alfarache, the Spanish rogue, he is green enough to throw away at the gaming-table. The whole is, however, rather a specimen of the characteristic than the humorous, and therefore we would dismiss it with this brief notice, except that we are tempted by an account of a camp-meeting, at the

end of which Suggs contrived to run off with the entire proceeds, to add so much in illustration of the "New Country" and the vernacular :

Captain Suggs drew on his famous old green-blanket overcoat, and ordered his horse, and within five minutes was on his way to a camp-meeting, then in full blast on Sandy creek, twenty miles distant, where he hoped to find amusement, at least. When he arrived there, he found the hollow square of the encampment filled with people, listening to the mid-day sermon and its dozen accompanying "exhortations." A half-dozen preachers were dispensing the word ; the one in the pulpit, a meek-faced old man, of great simplicity and benevolence. His voice was weak and cracked, notwithstanding which, however, he contrived to make himself heard occasionally, above the din of the exhorting, the singing, and the shouting which were going on around him. The rest were walking to and fro (engaged in the other exercises we have indicated), among the "mourners"—a host of whom occupied the seat set apart for their especial use—or made personal appeals to the mere spectators. The excitement was intense. Men and women rolled about on the ground, or lay sobbing or shouting in promiscuous heaps. More than all, the negroes sang and screamed and prayed. Several, under the influence of what is technically called "the jerks," were plunging and pitching about with convulsive energy. The great object of all seemed to be, to see who could make the greatest noise—

"And each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would try his own expressive power."

"Bless my poor old soul!" screamed the preacher in the pulpit ; "ef yonder aint a squad in that corner that we aint got one outen yet! It'll never do"—raising his voice—"you must come outen that! Brother Fant, fetch up that youngster in the blue coat! I see the Lord's a-workin' upon him! Fetch him along—glory—yes! —hold to him!"

"Keep the thing warm!" roared a sensual seeming man, of stout mould and florid countenance, who was exhorting among a bevy of young women, upon whom he was lavishing caresses. "Keep the thing warm, breethring!—come to the Lord, honey!" he added, as he vigorously hugged one of the damsels he sought to save.

"Oh! I've got him!" said another, in exulting tones, as he led up a gawky youth among the mourners—"I've got him—he tried to git off, but—ha! Lord!"—shaking his head as much as to say, it took a smart fellow to escape him—"ha! Lord!"—and he wiped the perspiration from his face with one hand, and with the other, patted his neophyte on the shoulder—"he couldn't do it! No! Then he tried to argy wi' me—but bless the Lord!—he couldn't do that nother! Ha! Lord! I tuk him, fust in the Old Testament—bless the Lord!—and I argyed him all thro' Kings—then I throwed him into Proverbs!—and from that, here we had it up and down, kleer down to the New Testament, and then I began to see it work him! —then we got into Matty, and from Matty right straight along to

Acts ; and *thar* I throwed him ! Y-e-s L-o-r-d !"—assuming the nasal twang and high pitch which are, in some parts, considered the perfection of rhetorical art—"Y-e-s L-o-r-d ! and h-e-r-e he is ! Now g-i-t down *thar*," addressing the subject, "and s-e-e of the L-o-r-d wont do somethin' f-o-r you !" Having thus deposited his charge among the mourners, he started out, summarily to convert another soul !

"Gl-o-ree ! yelled a huge, greasy negro woman, as in a fit of the jerks, she threw herself convulsively from her feet, and fell "like a thousand of bricks" across a diminutive old man in a little round hat, who was squeaking consolation to one of the mourners.

"Good Lord, have mercy !" ejaculated the little man earnestly and unaffectedly, as he strove to crawl from under the sable mass which was crushing him.

In another part of the square a dozen old women were singing. They were in a state of absolute ecstasy, as their shrill pipes gave forth,—

"I rode on the sky,
Quite undestified I—
And the moon it was under my feet!"

Near these last, stood a delicate woman in that hysterical condition in which the nerves are incontrollable, and which is vulgarly—and almost blasphemously—termed the "holy laugh." A hideous grin distorted her mouth, and was accompanied with a maniac's chuckle ; while every muscle and nerve of her face twitched and jerked in horrible spasms.

Amid all this confusion and excitement Suggs stood unmoved. He viewed the whole affair as a grand deception—a sort of "opposition line" running against his own, and looked on with a sort of professional jealousy. Sometimes he would mutter running comments upon what passed before him.

"Well now," said he, as he observed the full-faced brother who was "officiating" among the women, "that ere feller takes *my* eye ! —*thar* he's been this half-hour, a-figurin amongst them galls, and's never said the fust word to nobody else. Wonder what's the reason these here preachers never hugs up the old, ugly women ? Never seed one do it in my life—the sperrit never moves 'em that way ! It's nater tho' ; and the women, *they* never flocks round one o' the old dried-up breethring—bet two to one old splinter-legs *thar*—nodding at one of the ministers—"wont get a chance to say turkey to a good-lookin gall to-day ! Well ! who blames 'em ! Nater will be nater, all the world over ; and I judge if I was a preacher, I should save the purtiest souls fust, myself ! "

While the Captain was in the middle of this conversation with himself, he caught the attention of the preacher in the pulpit, who inferring from an indescribable something about his appearance that he was a person of some consequence, immediately determined to add him at once to the church if it could be done ; and to that end began a vigorous, direct personal attack.

"Breethring," he exclaimed, "I see yonder a man that's a sinner ;

I know he's a sinner! Thar he stands," pointing at Simon, "a missubble old crittur, with his head a-blossomin for the grave! A few more short years, and d-o-w-n he'll go to perdition, lessen the Lord have mer-cy on him! Come up here, you old hoary-headed sinner, a-n-d get down upon your knees, a-n-d put up your cry for the Lord to snatch you from the bottomless pit! You're ripe for the devil—you're b-o-u-n-d for hell, and the Lord only knows what'll become on you!"

"D—n it," thought Suggs, "if I only had you down in the krick swamp for a minit or so, I'd show you who's *old*! I'd alter your tune *mighty* sudden, you sassy, 'saiful old rascal!" But he judiciously held his tongue, and gave no utterance to the thought.

The attention of many having been directed to the Captain by the preacher's remarks, he was soon surrounded by numerous well-meaning and doubtless very pious persons, each one of whom seemed bent on the application of his own particular recipe for the salvation of souls. For a long time the Captain stood silent, or answered the incessant stream of exhortation only with a sneer; but at length his countenance began to give token of inward emotion. First his eye-lids twitched—then his upper lip quivered—next a transparent drop formed on one of his eye-lashes, and a similar one on the tip of his nose—and, at last, a sudden bursting of air from nose and mouth, told that Captain Suggs was overpowered by his emotions. At the moment of the explosion he made a feint as if to rush from the crowd, but he was in experienced hands, who well knew that the battle was more than half won.

"Hold to him!" said one—"it's a-workin in him as strong as a Dick horse!"

"Pour it into him," said another, "it'll all come right directly!"

"That's the way I love to see 'em do," observed a third; "when you begin to draw the water from their eyes, 'taint gwine to be long afore you'll have 'em on their knees!"

And so they clung to the Captain manfully, and half dragged, half led him to the mourners' bench; by which he threw himself down, altogether unmanned, and bathed in tears. Great was the rejoicing of the brethren, as they sang, shouted, and prayed around him—for by this time it had come to be generally known that the "convicted" old man was Captain Simon Suggs, the very "chief of sinners" in all that region.

The Captain remained grovelling in the dust during the usual time, and gave vent to even more than the requisite number of sobs, and groans, and heart-piercing cries. At length, when the proper time had arrived, he bounced up, and with a face radiant with joy, commenced a series of vaultings and tumblings, which "laid in the shade" all previous performances of the sort at that camp-meeting. The brethren were in ecstasies at this demonstrative evidence of completion of the work; and whenever Suggs shouted "Glore!" at the top of his lungs, every one of them shouted it back, until the woods rang with echoes.

The effervescence having partially subsided, Suggs was put upon



"Breeching," he exclaimed, "I see yonder a man that's a sinner; I know he's a sinner."



his pins to relate his experience, which he did somewhat in this style—first brushing the tear-drops from his eyes, and giving the end of his nose a preparatory wring with his fingers, to free it of the super-abundant moisture:

"Friends," he said, "it don't take long to curry a short horse, accordin' to the old sayin', and I'll give you the perticklers of the way I was 'brought to a knowledge'—here the Captain wiped his eyes, brushed the tip of his nose and snuffled a little—"in less'n no time."

"Praise the Lord!" ejaculated a bystander.

"You see I come here full o' romancin' and devilment, and jist to make game of all the purcedins. Well, sure enough, I done so for some time, and was a-thinkin how I should play some trick—"

"Dear soul alive! *don't* he talk sweet!" cried an old lady in black silk—"Whar's John Dobbs? You Sukey!" screaming at a negro woman on the other side of the square—"ef you don't hunt up your mass John in a minute, and have him here to listen to his 'perience, I'll tuck you up when I git home and give you a hundred and fifty lashes, madam!—see ef I don't! Blessed Lord!"—referring again to the Captain's relation—"aint it a *precious* 'scourse!"

"I was jist a-thinkin' how I should play some trick to turn it all into redecule, when they began to come round me and talk. Long at fust I didn't mind it, but arter a little that brother"—pointing to the reverend gentleman who had so successfully carried the unbeliever through the Old and New Testaments, and who Simon was convinced was the "big dog of the tanyard"—"that brother spoke a word that struck me kleen to the heart, and run all over me, like fire in dry grass—"

"*I-I-I* can bring 'em!" cried the preacher alluded to, in a tone of exultation—"Lord, thou knows ef thy servant can't stir 'em up, nobody else needn't try—but the glory aint mine! I'm a poor worrum of the dust," he added, with ill-managed affectation.

"And so from that I felt somethin' a-pullin' me inside—"

"Grace! grace! nothin' but grace!" exclaimed one; meaning that "grace" had been operating in the Captain's gastric region.

"And then," continued Suggs, "I wanted to get off, but they hilt me, and bimeby I felt so missable, I had to go yonder"—pointing to the mourners' seat—"and when I lay down thar it got wuss and wuss, and 'peared like somethin' was a-mashin' down on my back—"

"That was his load o' sin," said one of the brethren—"never mind, it'll tumble off presently; see ef it don't!" and he shook his head professionally and knowingly.

"And it kept a-gittin heavier and heavier, ontwell it looked like it might be a four year old steer, or a big pine log, or somethin' of that sort—"

"Glory to my soul," shouted Mrs. Dobbs, "it's the sweetest talk I ever hearn! You Sukey! aint you got John yet? never mind, my lady, *I'll* settle wi' you!" Sukey quailed before the finger which her mistress shook at her.

"And arter awhile," Suggs went on, "'peared like I fell into a trance, like, and I seed—"

"Now we'll get the good on it!" cried one of the sanctified.

"And I seed the biggest, longest, rip-roarenest, blackest, scaliest"—Captain Suggs paused, wiped his brow, and ejaculated "Ah, L-o-r-d!" so as to give full time for curiosity to become impatience to know what he saw.

"*Sarpant!* warn't it?" asked one of the preachers.

"No, not a *sarpant*," replied Suggs, blowing his nose.

"Do tell us *what* it war, soul alive!—whar *is* John?" said Mrs. Dobbs.

"Allegator!" said the Captain.

"Alligator!" repeated every woman present, and screamed for very life.

Mrs. Dobbs' nerves were so shaken by the announcement, that after repeating the horrible word, she screamed to Sukey, "You Sukey, I say, you Su-u-ke-e-y! ef you let John come a-nigh this way, where the dreadful alliga—shaw! what am I thinkin' 'bout? Twarn't nothin' but a vishin'!"

"Well," said the Captain in continuation, "the allegator kept a-comin' and a-comin' to'ards me, with his great long jaws a-gapin' open like a ten-foot pair o' tailor's shears—

"Oh! oh! oh! Lord! gracious above!" cried the women.

"SATAN!" was the laconic ejaculation of the oldest preacher present, who thus informed the congregation that it was the devil which had attacked Suggs in the shape of an alligator.

"And then I concluded the jig was up, 'thout I could block his game some way: for I seed his idee was to snap off my head—"

The women screamed again.

"So I fixed myself jist like I was purfectly willin' for him to take my head, and rather he'd do it as not"—here the women shuddered perceptibly—"and so I hilt my head straight out"—the Captain illustrated by elongating his neck—"and when he come up and was a gwine to *shet down* on it, I jist pitched in a big rock which choked him to death, and that minit I felt the weight slide off, and I had the best feelins—sorter like you'll have from *good* sperrits—any body ever had!"

"Didn't I *tell* you so? Didn't I *tell* you so?" asked the brother who had predicted the off-tumbling of the load of sin. "Ha, Lord! fool *who*! I've been *all* along thar!—yes, *all* along thar! and I know every inch of the way jist as good as I do the road home!"—and then he turned round and round, and looked at all, to receive a silent tribute to his superior penetration.

Captain Suggs was now the "lion of the day." Nobody could pray so well, or exhort so movingly, as "brother Suggs." Nor did his natural modesty prevent the proper performance of appropriate exercises. With the reverend Bela Bugg (him to whom, under Providence, he ascribed his conversion,) he was a most especial favourite. They walked, sang, and prayed together for hours.

"Come, come up; thar's room for all!" cried brother Bugg, in

his evening exhortation. "Come to the 'seat,' and ef you wont pray yourselves, let *me* pray for you!"

"Yes!" said Simon, by way of assisting his friend; "it's a game that all can win at! Ante up! ante up, boys—friends, I mean—don't back out!"

"Thar aint a sinner here," said Bugg, "no matter if his soul's black as a nigger, but what thar's room for him!"

"No matter what sort of a hand you've got," added Simon in the fulness of his benevolence; "take stock! Here am *I*, the wickedest and blindest of sinners—has spent my whole life in the sarvice of the devil—has now come in on *narry pair* and won a *pile*!" and the Captain's face beamed with holy pleasure.

"D-o-n-t be afeard!" cried the preacher; "come along! the meanest wont be turned away! humble yourselves and come!"

"No!" said Simon, still indulging in his favourite style of metaphor; "the bluff game aint played here! No runnin' of a body off! Everybody holds four aces, and when you bet, you win!"

And thus the Captain continued, until the services were concluded, to assist in adding to the number at the mourners' seat; and up to the hour of retiring, he exhibited such enthusiasm in the cause, that he was unanimously voted to be the most efficient addition the church had made during that meeting.

The next morning, when the preacher of the day first entered the pulpit, he announced that "brother Simon Suggs," mourning over his past iniquities, and desirous of going to work in the cause as speedily as possible, would take up a collection to found a church in his own neighbourhood, at which he hoped to make himself useful as soon as he could prepare himself for the ministry, which the preacher didn't doubt would be in a very few weeks, as brother Suggs was "a man of mighty good judgement, and of a great discourse." The funds were to be collected by "brother Suggs," and held in trust by brother Bela Bugg, who was the financial officer of the circuit, until some arrangement could be made to build a suitable house.

"Yes, breethring," said the Captain, rising to his feet; "I want to start a little 'sociation close to me, and I want you all to help. I'm mighty poor myself, as poor as any of you—don't leave, breethring"—observing that several of the well-to-do were about to go off—"don't leave; ef you aint able to afford anything, jist give us your blessin', and it'll be all the same!"

This insinuation did the business, and the sensitive individuals re-seated themselves.

"It's mighty little of this world's goods I've got," resumed Suggs, pulling off his hat and holding it before him; "but I'll bury *that* in the cause any how," and he deposited his last five-dollar bill in the hat.

There was a murmur of approbation at the Captain's liberality throughout the assembly.

Suggs now commenced collecting, and very prudently attacked first the gentlemen who had shown a disposition to escape. These.

to exculpate themselves from anything like poverty, contributed handsomely.

"Look here, breethring," said the Captain, displaying the bank-notes thus received, "brother Snooks has drapt a five wi' me, and brother Snodgrass a ten! In course, 'taint expected that *you that aint as well off as them*, will give *as much*; let every one give *accordin'* to them means."

This was another chain-shot that raked as it went! "Who so low" as not to be able to contribute as much as Snooks and Snodgrass?

"Here's all the *small* money I've got about me," said a burly old fellow, ostentatiously handing to Suggs, over the heads of a half dozen, a ten dollar bill.

"That's what I call *maganimus!*" exclaimed the Captain; "that's the way *every* rich man ought to do!"

These examples were followed, more or less closely, by almost all present, for Simon had excited the pride of purse of the congregation, and a very handsome sum was collected in a very short time.

The Reverend Mr. Bugg, as soon as he observed that our hero had obtained all that was to be had at that time, went to him and inquired what amount had been collected. The Captain replied that it was still uncounted, but that it couldn't be much under a hundred.

"Well, brother Suggs, you'd better count it and turn it over to me now. I'm going to leave presently."

"No!" said Suggs—"can't do it!"

"Why?—what's the matter?" inquired Bugg.

"It's got to be *prayed over*, fust!" said Simon; a heavenly smile illuminating his whole face.

"Well," replied Bugg, "less go one side and do it!"

"No!" said Simon, solemnly.

Mr. Bugg gave a look of inquiry.

"You see that krick swamp?" asked Suggs—"I'm gwine down in *thar*, and I'm gwine to lay this money down *so*"—showing how he would place it on the ground—"and I'm gwine to get on these here knees"—slapping the right one—"and I'm *n-e-v-e-r* gwine to quit the grit ontwell I feel it's got the blessin'! And nobody aint got to be *thar* but me!"

Mr. Bugg greatly admired the Captain's fervent piety, and bidding him God-speed, turned off.

Captain Suggs "struck for" the swamp sure enough, where his horse was already hitched. "Ef them sellers aint done to craklin," he muttered to himself as he mounted, "I'll never bet on two pair agin! They're peart at the snap game, themselves; but they're badly lewed this hitch! Well! Live and let live is a good old mottor, and it's my sentiments adzactly!" And giving the spur to his horse, off he cantered.

The contemporaneous, or rather anterior, "Georgia Scenes," offer sketches of the South of a more jocular quality; and abjuring the superabundance of oaths and merciless addiction to oyster-suppers,

the account of a Militia-drill, though not quite recent, may serve as an example of this style of caricature pleasantry—

At twelve, about one-third, perhaps one-half, of the men had collected, and an inspector's return of the number present, and of their arms, would have stood nearly thus : 1 captain, 1 lieutenant; ensign, none; fifers, none; privates, present, 24; ditto, absent, 40; guns, 14; gunlocks, 12; ramrods, 10; rifle-pouches, 3; bayonets, none; belts, none; spare flints, none; cartridges, none; horsewhips, walking canes, and umbrellas, 10. A little before one, the captain, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Clodpole, gave directions for forming the line of parade. In obedience to this order, one of the sergeants, whose lungs had long supplied the place of a drum and fife, placed himself in front of the house, and began to bawl with great vehemence, "All Captain Clodpole's company parade here! Come, GENTLEMEN, parade here!" says he; "all you that hasn't got guns, fall into the lower *eend*." He might have bawled till this time, with as little success as the sirens sung to Ulysses, had he not changed his post to a neighbouring shade. There he was immediately joined by all who were then at leisure; the others were at that time engaged as parties or spectators at a game of fives, and could not just then attend. However, in less than half an hour the game was finished, and the captain enabled to form his company, and proceed in the duties of the day.

"*Look to the right and dress!*"

They were soon, by the help of the non-commissioned officers, placed in a straight line; but, as every man was anxious to see how the rest stood, those on the wings pressed forward for that purpose, till the whole line assumed nearly the form of a crescent.

"Why, look at 'em," says the captain; "why, gentlemen, you are all a crooking in at both *eends*, so that you will get on to me by and by! Come, gentlemen, *dress, dress!*"

This was accordingly done; but, impelled by the same motives as before, they soon resumed their former figure, and so they were permitted to remain.

"Now, gentlemen," says the captain, "I am going to carry you through the *revolutions* of the manual exercise; and I want you, gentlemen, if you please, to pay particular attention to the word of command, just exactly as I give it out to you. I hope you will have a little patience, gentlemen, if you please; and if I should be going wrong, I will be much obliged to any of you, gentlemen, to put me right again, for I mean all for the best, and I hope you will excuse me, if you please. And one thing, gentlemen, I caution you against in particular, and that is this: not to make any *mistakes* if you can possibly help it; and the best way to do this will be to do all the motions right at first; and that will help us to get along so much the faster; and I will try to have it over as soon as possible. Come, boys, come to a shoulder.

"*Poise, foolk!**"

* A contraction and corruption of "firelock." Thus: "firelock," "i'lock," "lock."

“Cock, foolk! Very handsomely done.

“Take, aim!

“Ram down, cartridge! No! no! Fire! I recollect now that firing comes next after taking aim, according to Steuben; but, with your permission, gentlemen, I'll *read* the words of command just exactly as they are printed in the book, and then I shall be sure to be right.”

“Oh yes! read it, captain, read it!” exclaimed twenty voices at once: “that will save time.”

“Tention the whole! Please to observe, gentlemen, that at the word ‘fire!’ you must fire; that is, if any of your guns are *loaden'd*, you must not shoot in *yearnest*, but only make pretence like; and you, gentlemen fellow-soldiers, who's armed with nothing but sticks, riding-switches, and corn-stalks, needn't go through the firings, but stand as you are, and keep yourselves to yourselves.

“Half cock, foolk! Very well done.

“S-h-e-t (spelling) Shet, pan! That too would have been handsomely done, if you hadn't handled cartridge instead of shetting pan; but I suppose you wasn't noticing. Now 'tention one and all, gentlemen, and do that motion again.

“Shet, pan! Very good, very well indeed; you did that motion equal to any old soldier; you improve astonishingly.

“Handle, cartridge! Pretty well, considering you done it *wrong* end foremost, as if you took the cartridge out of your mouth, and bit off the twist with the cartridge-box.

“Draw, rammer! Those who have no rammers to their guns need not draw, but only make the motion; it will do just as well, and save a great deal of time.

“Return, rammer! Very well again. But that would have been done, I think, with greater expertness if you had performed the motion with a little more dexterity.

“S-h-o-u-l—Shoulder, foolk! Very handsomely done indeed! Put your guns on the other shoulder, gentlemen.

“Order, foolk! Not quite so well, gentlemen; not quite altogether; but perhaps I did not speak loud enough for you to hear me all at once. Try once more, if you please. I hope you will be patient, gentlemen; we will soon be through.

“Order, foolk! Handsomely done, gentlemen! Very handsomely done! and all together too, except that one-half of you were a *leetle* too soon, and the other half a *leetle* too late.

“In laying down your guns, gentlemen, take care to lay the locks up and the other side down.

“Tention the whole! Ground, foolk! Very well.

“Charge, bayonet!”

(Some of the men)—“That can't be, captain: pray look again; for how can we charge bayonet without our guns?”

(Captain)—“I don't know as to that, but I know I'm right, for here 'tis printed in the book; c-h-a-r—yes, *charge bayonet*, that's right, that's the word, if I know how to read. Come, gentlemen, do pray charge bayonet! Charge, I say! Why don't you charge? Do you think it aint so? Do you think I have lived to this time o'

day, and don't know what charge bayonet is? Here, come here, you may see for yourselves; it's as plain as the nose on your face—stop—stay—no—halt! no! Faith, I'm wrong! I turned over two leaves at once. I beg your pardon, we will not stay out long; and we'll have something to drink as soon as we have done. Come, boys, get off the stumps and logs, and take up your guns; we'll soon be done: excuse me if you please.

“*Fix, bayonet!*”

“*Advance, arms!* Very well done: turn the stocks of your guns in front, gentlemen, and that will bring the barrels behind; hold them straight up and down, if you please; let go with your left, and take hold with your right hand below the guard. Steuben says the gun should be held *p-e-r-pertic'lar*; yes, you must always mind and hold your guns very pertic'lar. Now, boys, 'tention the whole!

“*Present, arms!* Very handsomely done! only hold your gun over t'other knee—t'other hand up—turn your hands round a little, and raise them up higher—draw t'other foot back—now you are nearly right—very well done.

“Gentlemen, we come now to the *revolutions*. Men, you have all got into a sort of snarl, as I may say; how did you all get into such a higglety pigglety?”

The fact was, the shade had moved considerably to the eastward, and had exposed the right wing of these hardy veterans to a galling fire of the sun. Being poorly provided with umbrellas at this end of the line, they found it convenient to follow the shade; and in huddling to the left for this purpose, they changed the figure of their line from that of a crescent to one which more nearly resembled a pair of pothooks.

“Come, gentlemen,” says the captain, “spread yourselves out again into a straight line; and let us get into the wheelings and other matters as soon as possible.”

But this was strenuously opposed by the soldiers. They objected to going into the *revolutions* at all, inasmuch as the weather was extremely hot, and they had already been kept in the field upward of three quarters of an hour. They reminded the captain of his repeated promise to be as short as he possibly could, and it was clear he could dispense with all this wheeling and flourishing if he chose. They were already very thirsty, and if he would not dismiss them, they declared they would go off without dismissal, and get something to drink, and he might fine them if it would do any good; they were able to pay their fine, but would not go without drink to please anybody; and they swore they would never vote for another captain who wished to be so unreasonably strict.

The captain behaved with great spirit upon the occasion, and a smart colloquy ensued; when at length becoming exasperated to the last degree, he roundly asserted that no soldier ought ever to *think hard* of the orders of his officer; and, finally, he went so far as to say, that he did not think any gentleman on that ground had any just cause to be offended with him. The dispute was finally settled by the captain sending for some grog for their present accommodation.

and agreeing to omit reading the military law, and the performance of all the manœuvres, except two or three such easy and simple ones as could be performed within the compass of the shade. After they had drank their grog and had spread "themselves," they were divided into platoons.

"*Tention the whole! To the right wheel!*"

Each man faced to the right about.

"Why, gentlemen, I did not mean for every man to stand still and turn himself *na'trally* right round; but when I told you to wheel to the right, I intended you to wheel round to the right, as it were. Please to try again, gentlemen; every right-hand man must stand fast, and only the others turn round."

In the previous part of the exercise, it had, for the purpose of sizing, been necessary to denominate every second person a "right-hand man." A very natural consequence was, that, on the present occasion, these right-hand men maintained their position, all the intermediate ones facing about as before.

"Why, look at 'em, now!" exclaimed the captain, in extreme vexation; "I'll be d—d if you understand a word I say. Excuse me, gentlemen, it *rayly* seems as if you could not come at it exactly. In wheeling to the right, the right hand *eend* of the platoon stands fast, and the other *eend* comes round like a swing-tree. Those on the outside must march faster than those on the inside. You certainly must understand me now, gentlemen; and please to try it once more."

In this they were a little more successful.

"*Tention the whole! To the left—left, no—right—that is, the left—I mean the right—left, wheel, march!*"

In this he was strictly obeyed; some wheeling to the right, some to the left, and some to the right-left, or both ways.

"*Stop! halt!* Let us try it again! I could not just then tell my right hand from my left! You must excuse me, if you please; experience makes perfect, as the saying is. Long as I have served, I find something new to learn every day; but all's one for that. Now, gentlemen, do that motion once more."

By the help of a non-commissioned officer in front of each platoon, they wheeled this time with considerable regularity.

"Now, boys, you must try to wheel by divisions; and there is one thing in particular which I have to request of you, gentlemen, and that is, not to make any blunder in your wheeling. You must mind and keep at a wheeling distance, and not talk in the ranks, nor get out of fix again; for I want you to do this motion well, and not to make any blunder now."

"*Tention the whole! By divisions to the right wheel, march!*"

In doing this it seemed as if Bedlam had broke loose: every man took the command. Not so fast on the right! Slow now! Haul down these umbrellas! Faster on the left! Keep back a little there! Don't *scrouge* so! Hold up your gun, Sam! Go faster there! faster! Who trod on my—? D—n your huffs! Keep back! Stop us, captain, do stop us! Go faster there! I've lost my



"Why, look at 'em now!" exclaimed the captain in extreme vexation: "I'll be d——d if you understand a word I say."



shoe! Get up again, Ned! Halt! halt! halt! Stop, gentlemen! stop! stop!

By this time they had got into utter and inextricable confusion, and so I left them.

Major Jones's Courtship is still more personal and amusing, and is so popular as to have run through thirteen editions,* for

A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

And as a sample we transcribe a part of the Major's first courting expedition :

You know the Stallinses lives on the plantation in the summer and goes to town in the winter. Well, Miss Mary Stallins, who you know is the darlinest gal in the county, come home tother day to see her folks. You know she's been to the Female College, down to Macon, for most a year now. Before she went, she used to be jest as plain as a old shoe, and used to go fishin and huckleberryin with us, with nothin but a calico sun-bonnet on, and was the wildest thing you ever saw. Well, I always used to have a sort of a sneakin notion of Mary Stallins, and so when she come, I brushed up, and was termined to have a rite serious talk with her bout old matters ; not knowin but she mought be captivated by some of them Macon fellers.

So, sure enough, off I started, unbeknowin to anybody, and rode rite over to the plantation—(you know ours is rite jinin the widder Stallinses.) Well, when I got thar, I felt a little sort o' sheepish ; but I soon got over that, when Miss Carline said, (but she didn't mean me to hear,) "There, Pinny, (that's Miss Mary's nick-name, you know,) there's your bo come."

Miss Mary looked mighty sort o' redish when I shuck her hand and told her howdy ; and she made a sort of a stoop over and a dodge back, like the little gals does to the school-marm, and said, "Good evenin, Mr. Jones," (she used to always call me jest Joe.)

"Take a chair, Joseph," said Miss Carline ; and we set down in the parlor, and I began talkin to Miss Mary bout Macon, and the long ride she had, and the bad roads, and the monstrous hot weather, and the like.

She didn't say much, but was in a mighty good humor and laughed a heap. I told her I never seed sich a change in anybody. Nor I never did. Why, she didn't look like the same gal—good gracious! she looked so nice and trim—jest like some of them pictures what they have in Mr. Graham's Magazine—with her hair all komed down longside of her face, as slick and shiny as a mahogany burow. When she laugh'd she didn't open her mouth like she used to ; and she set up straight and still in her chair, and looked so different, but so monstrous pretty! I ax'd her a heap of questions, bout how she liked Macon, and the Female College, and so forth ; and she told me a heap bout 'em. But old Miss Stallins and Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah, and all of 'em, kep all the time interrunitin us, axin bout mother—if she was well, and if she was

gwine to the Spring church next Sunday, and what luck she had with her soap, and all such stuff—and I do believe I told the old woman more'n twenty times that mother's old turky-hen was settin on fourteen eggs.

Well, I wasn't to be backed out that-a-way—so I kep it a goin the best I could, til bimeby old Miss Stallins let her knitin fall three or four times, and then began to nod and snap back like a fishin-pole that was all the time gitin bites. I seed the gals lookin at oneanother and pinchin oneanother's elbows, and Miss Mary said she wondered what time it was, and said the College disciplines, or somethin like that, didn't low late hours. I seed how the game was gwine—but howsumever, I kep talkin to her like a cotton gin in packin time, as hard as I could clip it, til bimeby the old lady went to bed, and arter a bit the gals all cleared, and left Miss Mary to herself. That was jest the thing I wanted.

Well, she sot on one side of the fire-place, and I sot on tother, so I could spit on the hath, whar ther was nothin but a lighterd chunk burnin to give light. Well, we talked and talked, and I know you would like to hear all we talked about, but that would be too long. When I'm very interested in anything, or get bother'd about anything, I can't help chawin a heap o' tobacker, and then I spits uncontionable, specially if I'm talkin. Well, we sot thar and talked, and the way I spit, was larmen to the crickets! I axed her if she had any bos down to Macon.

"Oh, yes," she said, and then she went on and named over Matthew Mattix, Nat. Filosofy, Al. Geber, Retric Stronomy, and a whole heap of fellers, that she'd been keepin company with most all her time.

"Well," ses I, "I spose they're mazin poplar with you, aint they, Miss Mary?" for I felt mighty uneasy, and begin to spit a great deal worse.

"Yes," ses she, "they are the most interestin companions I ever had, and I am anxious to resume their pleasant scirty."

I tell you what, that sort o' stumped me, and I spit rite slap on the chunk and made it "fliker and flare" like the mischief; it was a good thing it did, for I blushed as blue as a Ginny squash.

I turned my tobacker round in my mouth, and spit two or three times, and the old chunk kep up a most bominable fryin.

"Then I spose you are gwine to forget old acquaintances," ses I, "sense you's been to Macon, mong them lawyers and doctors; is you, Miss Mary? You thinks more of them than you does of anybody else, I spose."

"Oh," ses she, "I am devoted to them—I think of them day and night!"

That was *too* much—it shot me right up, and I sot as still as could be for more'n than a minute. I never felt so warm behind the ears afore in all my life. Thunder! how my blood did bile up all over me, and I felt like I could knock Matthew Mattix into a greas-spot, if he'd only been thar. Miss Mary sot with her handkercher up to her face, and I looked rite into the fire-place. The blue blazes was



" Well, she sat on one side, and I sat on tother, so I could spit on the hath."



runnin round over the old chunk, ketchin hold here and lettin go thar, sometimes gwine most out, and then blazin up a little—I couldn't speak—I was makin up my mind for tellin her the siteation of my hart—I was jest gwine to tell her my feelins, but my mouth was full of tobacker, so I had to spit, and slap it went, rite on the lightwood chunk, and out it went, spang !

I sware, I never did feel so in all my born days. I didn't know what to do.

"My Lord, Miss Mary," ses I, "I didn't go to do it—jest tell me the way to the kitchen, and I'll go and git a light."

But she never said nothin, so I sot down agin, thinkin she'd gone to get one herself, for it was pitch dark, and I couldn't see my hand afore my face.

Well, I sot thar and ruminated, and waited a long time, but she didn't come, so I began to think maybe she wasn't gone. I couldn't hear nothin, nor I couldn't see nothin ; so bimeby ses I, very low, for I didn't want to wake up the family—ses I.

"Miss Mary ! Miss Mary !" but nobody answered.

Thinks I, what's to be done ? I tryed agin.

"Miss Mary ! Miss Mary !" ses I ; but it was no use.

Then I heard the gals snickerin and laughin in the next room, and I begun to see how it was ; Miss Mary was gone and left me thar alone.

"Whar's my hat ?" ses I, pretty loud, so somebody might tell me ; but they only laughed worse.

I begun to feel about the room, and the fust thing I new, spang ! goes my head, rite agin the edge of a dore that was standin open. The fire flew, and I couldn't help but swar a little—"d—n the dore," ses I, "whar's my hat ?" But nobody said nothin, so I begun to think it was best to get out the best way I could, and never mind my hat. Well, I got through the parlor dore after rakin my shins three or four times agin the chairs, and was feelin along through the entry for the frunt dore ; but somehow I was so frustrated that I tuck the rong way, and bimeby kerslash I went, rite over old Miss Stallinses spinnin-wheel, onto the floor ! I hurt myself a good deal ; but that didn't make me half so mad as to hear them confounded gals a gigglin and laughin at me.

"Oh !" said one of 'em, (it was Miss Kesiah, for I knowed her voice,) "there goes mother's wheel ! my Lord !"

I tried to set the cussed thing up, but it seemed to have more'n twenty legs, and wouldn't stand up no how—maybe it was broke. I went out of the dore, but I hadn't more'n got down the steps, when bow ! wow ! wow ! comes four or five infurnal grate big coon-dogs, rite at me. "Git out ! git out ! hellow, Cato ! call off your dogs !" ses I, as loud as I could. But Cato was sound asleep, and if I hadn't a run back into the hall, and got out of the front way as quick as I could, them devils would o' chawed my bones for true.

When I got to my horse, I felt like a feller jest out of a hornet's nest ; and I reckon I went home a little of the quickest. Next mornin old Miss Stallins sent my hat by a little nigger ; but I haint

seed Mary Stallins sense. Now you see what comes of chawin tobacker!

Travels from Georgia to Canada* are full of merriment, with some little splices of sentiment; which leaving, the encounter of a novelty at Baltimore will best exhibit the former ingredient:

After gwine up as far as Youtaw Street, I crossed over and cum down on tother side of the street, lookin along at one thing and another til I got most down to Charles Street. By this time I begun to be monstrous dry, and as I'd heard tell a good deal about the sody water what they have in the big cities, I thought I'd try a little at the fust place whar they sold it. Well, the fust doctor's shop I cum to had a Sody water sign up, and in I went to get sum.

Ses I, "I want a drink of yer sody water."

"What kind of syrup will you have?" says he, puttin his hand on a bottle of molasses.

"I don't want no syrup," ses I, "I want sody water."

"Ah," ses he, "you want extra sody."

And with that he tuck a glass and put some white stuff in it, and then held it under the spout til it was full, and handed it to me.

I put it to my hed and pulled away at it, but I never got sick a everlastin dose before in all my life. I got three or four swallers down before I began to taste the dratted stuff, and you may depend it liked to killed me right ded in my tracks. It tuck the breth clean out of me, and when I come to myself, my tongue felt like it was full of needles, and my stummick like I'd swallered a pint of frozen soap-suds, and the tears was runnin out of my eyes in a stream.

I drapped the glass and spurted the rest out of my mouth quicker'n lightnin, but before I could git breth to speak to the chap what was standin behind the counter starein at me with all his might, he ax'd me if I wasn't well.

"Well! thunder and lightnin," ses I, "do you want to pisen me to deth and then ax me if I'm well?"

"Pisen!" ses he.

"Yes," ses I, "pisen! I ax'd you for some sody water, and you gin me a doze bad enough to kill a hoss."

"I gin you nothin but plain sody," ses he.

"Well," ses I, "if that's what you call sody water, I'll be dad-fetch'd if I'll try any more of it. Why, it's worse nor Ingin turnip juice stew'd down six gallons into a pint, cooled off in a snow-bank and mixed with a harrycane."

Just then some bilin hot steam come up into my throte, that lik'd to blowed my nose rite out by the roots.

Ses he, "Maybe you aint used to drinkin it without syrup?"

"No," ses I, "and what's more, I never will be."

"It's much better with sassy pariller, or gooseberry syrup," ses he.

"Will you try some with syrup?"

"No, I thank you," ses I, and I paid him a thrip for the dose I had, and put out.

The Texan volume* need not detain us farther than merely to afford some idea of the people and language :

Very little attempt at early rising was made by any of our hunting party on the following morning, and small was the inclination that Joe or I felt for timber hunting, when once fairly up. He poked about his cabin and field, flattering himself with the delusive idea that he was at work, and I, mounting my horse, galloped off upon the prairie, after nothing in particular. I had returned, dinner had been eaten—during it, Joe's wife asked him if he would have some “deer :” a mistake of hers, probably, as I never knew her to joke—the accustomed pipe had been smoked, and all the males of the settlement were stretched out upon their blankets, enjoying their wonted siesta, when a horseman dashed up to the fence, in front of Joe's mansion, and gave the usual “halloo.”

I looked out, and perceived that the horse had evidently been severely pushed, as his reeking flanks and the lather upon his sides bore testimony. The “halloo” brought Joe to his senses first, and then to the door.

Whatever press of business there may be, a certain necessary ceremonial is always to be sacredly observed before a visit to a cabin is paid.

First, the rider shouts out “halloo,” which means, “Good people, I am here, and here I mean to stay until you come out and keep the dogs off;” then, after an interval, the proprietor makes his appearance, and very leisurely approaches the fence without speaking a word ; he next throws one leg over the fence, then the other follows ; and, having attained the top, seats himself very deliberately upon it, and awaits the next move from the other party.

The latter now brings his horse alongside the fence, and the conversation commences.

“How are ye, Judge?”

“I'm right peart—how's yerself?”

“Oh, I keep a pushin'—how's the old woman and the boys?”

“Considerable sassy, only thar's been a smart chance of ager down in our neck of the woods.”

“Got a smart chunk of a pony thar.”

“Yes, *sir*, he's some pumkins sure ; offered ten cows and calves for him ; he's death on a quarter.”

“Come from down the prairie?”

“Yes, *sir*, and hurried up my critter right smart, I tell *you*.”

“How's the craps?”

“Well, they ain't nothin' to brag on, though we've got a gush of peaches.”

The gentleman upon the fence now descends from it with due deliberation, and, approaching the occupant of the horse, shakes hands with him in a most solemn and edifying manner ; he then surveys the horse from stem to stern, probably examines his mouth to ascertain his age ; and having performed all these duties with due decorum, he next proceeds to exhibit his hospitality.

“Come, Judge, 'light and tie your horse out.” Without any

* “A Stray Yankee in Texas.” New York. Redfield. 1853.

further remark, the Judge did as he was desired ; and having found a stake driven in the ground, he affixed to it one end of the caberos (hair rope) which was attached to his horse's neck, took off saddle and bridle, hung them upon the fence, and made for the house.

The great gravity with which such affairs are invariably conducted, amused me very much until I became accustomed to it, and came to look upon it as a matter of course.

The new arrival was no less a personage than Judge Guffey, an Irishman, and the oldest settler in the county. In consequence of his long residence he had been elected Judge of the probate court, although it was a great exertion for him to write his name. The office he had held for a number of years, until the business of the court had so increased that it nearly distracted him with the immense labour of thinking that it involved ; and the young lawyers had driven him within an inch of madness, by the manifest disrespect that they entertained for his decisions, and the manifold ways they employed to reverse them. He resigned, and was then chosen Justice of the Peace.

In spite of all the deliberation which had characterized his proceedings, the Judge was in a great hurry. A certain scampish genius, known as Lefe Thompson, who was notoriously addicted to betting upon quarter races, playing old sledge and poker, and to little else, having borrowed money, and run pretty deeply into debt, had now taken a new step, and run off altogether.

As he lived in the woods, he expected to get off into the next county before any of his neighbours were aware of it ; but his negro woman had the night previous met her lover "by moonlight alone," and disclosed the secret. The Judge had been called upon to issue some kind of paper to stay Mr. Thompson's further proceedings in the case, and as his usual amanuensis chanced to be absent, he had hurried off to beg my assistance, after having despatched one party in pursuit of a deputy-sheriff, who had been seen on the prairie in the morning, and another to a creditor who had lately obtained a judgment against the runaway, with directions to join him—the Judge—at Joe's settlement.

In half an hour the expected party rode up, and the same interesting ceremonial having been gone through with, in a grave and solemn manner, they entered, and we proceeded to business. It appeared that although several of the creditors of the runaway had commenced suits against him, but one of them, however, had approached sufficiently near fruition to have been converted into a judgment.

In the backwoods, a lawsuit, even a petty one, is an affair of time and moment. About a year is required to bring it as far as a decision in the minor courts ; then of course it is carried up, and after standing upon the calendar of the District Court for two or three years, is decided pro or con ; and then the losing party invariably transports it to be settled before the collected judicial wisdom of the county embodied upon the supreme bench.

Mr. Lefe Thompson, however, to save all entanglements of the

kind, and perhaps with a proper regard for his own purse and those of his neighbours, as soon as suits began to multiply, and legal papers to fall around his devoted dwelling, thick (in number) as leaves are supposed to be in Valombrosa, had cut the Gordian knot, and—as Judge Guffey would have said—"taken the shute."

Lefe had conducted the whole affair very shrewdly. The planters and stock-raisers had but very little money among them, and that little was too often used for gambling purposes alone; many knew no other use for it. It would have been a sin to have paid it away for "store goods," since the hides of their slaughtered cattle were always taken in trade for tobacco, coffee, and powder. For all neighbourhood purposes, the legal tender was cows and calves; and so when by any accident a little hard currency was obtained, it was religiously laid aside and husbanded until a game of "seven up," or "poker," caused it to change pockets, generally into those of some of the petty gamblers who are continually travelling to and fro, trading horses, making quarter races, and always to be met with at every frolic in the county, on the look out for a customer.

Lefe had been successful, and was supposed to have amassed quite a "pile," which he was very loath indeed to part with; and when he lost, if the money were not absolutely staked, he would usually put off the winner with some old horse that he had fixed up for sale, or a dubious note that he had received as "lanyappe," (*Anglice*, boot-money.) If he won, however, nothing but the article itself would satisfy him; and so by getting what he could, and keeping what he got, he came to be considered as the "man of money" in his "neck of the woods."

Some severe losses, however, had lately shaken his credit; so, collecting all his debts, in some form or another, he had converted their proceeds into a valuable female slave; and to avoid payment of his obligations, he resolved to cancel them by a moonlight flitting.

With these preliminary glances at the *Facetiae Americanae*, we come to the Patent Sermons of Dow, jr.,* which originally appeared in the *Sunday Mercury*, a New York paper, and soon attracted much notice in consequence of their Yankee style, sly sub-acid banter, and quaint originality both in design and execution. Some affectations appear in the course of the lectures, which are above two hundred in number; and there is evidence of the writer's being well versed in Scottish publications, taking many hints to improve upon from that quarter. The whole is between jest and earnest; and the former occasionally betrays the preacher into a jocular mode of expression approaching profanity, whilst the latter is not divested of a modicum of sameness. With these characteristics, there is conjoined the spirit which has recommended the volumes to us, and the selections from which will, we trust, justify our favourable opinion and entertain our readers. The American press compares the author with Boz, and upholds his discourses for their moral inculcations, as laudably supplemental to the graver instruc-

* Two volumes. New York. H. Long and Brother.

tions of the pulpit. Indeed, he assumes to be such a teacher, for he opens :

"The world, a mere spec of dirt upon the broad sheet of creation, upon which we, poor insignificant mites ! are destined to crawl for a day, is made up of a compound of vanity and deceit, merely rubbed with the evanescent turpentine of pleasure. Allow me, my friends, to raise your thoughts with the spike poles of truth and reason a few feet above it, in order that you may see things as they are, and look straight down into the empty vessels of earth, and be satisfied that they are filled with just nothing at all. Alas! nearly all is delusion except pain, care, sorrow, and disappointment. Oh, my dear friends ! don't you be deceived by the tinfoil and tinsel of this hypocritical world. There is scarcely anything that is really what it appears to be. Those myriads of stars—those blinking celestial eyes of love—are not what they seem to be,—they, too, are a delusion. They look like so many brilliant drops of water glittering upon the black umbrella of night, or like a multitude of astral lamps suspended from the dome of heaven's high hall ;—but, my friends, if you could obtain a loan of the wings of omnipresence and pay a visit to them all, you would find them, like this world of ours, dead, dull, and opaque bodies, susceptible of no more polish than the frost-bitten heel of a Guinea nigger. The girls, also, those gaudy winged butterflies that flit around the blooming bowers of love, are all a fleeting show—to-day sporting in the sunshine of fashion and pleasure, and to-morrow mere grubs crawling along the common paths of society, divested of their charms, and as leafless and bare as a gooseberry bush in winter. There is a fatal delusion in the inebriating glass. Oh ! trust not to the future—it is an explosive humbug. Oh ! my dear friends, there is so much deception connected with everything, I don't wonder man is afraid to view himself as he is. I have no doubt but if some of you were to look upon yourselves as you really are, you would feel as miserable as a yoked pig dying with the scurvy. Strip off all your hypocritical trappings of vanity and conceit, and you will feel yourselves unworthy even of this dunghill in the great solar system of worlds."

Holding these tenets, the author proceeds to hold the mirror up to nature in his own queer way, and thus reflects the images of the various subjects which he sets within its reach. We begin with Love :

"Love, like the boys' candy, is too good to last long. Girls, do you hear that ? Soon after marriage it is apt to grow cold, and fade away from the full blossom of the heart, as fades the morning dew from the damask corolla of the rose ; but before the affections are bound in the nuptial wreath, there is no danger of love's dying a natural death. On the contrary, he becomes more and more obstinate in his attacks, and will hang on like an eel to a dead Possum. I advise you, my young congregation, to beware of piano-forte music and moonlight evenings, if you have a touch of the tender lurking about your vitals ; for they are sure to call the little rascal Cupid forth in

quest of prey; and when he comes, your breasts are made pin-cushions of in less than no time.

But we shall not need to introduce or remark at length upon "Dow's Sermons," and our readers will, we are sure, be satisfied with a very short running commentary upon these "smart" discourses. The first is

ON LUCK.

TEXT.—There is no luck at all for me,
However much I strive;
Upon my soul I think I am
T' unluckiest man alive.

MY HEAVERS: We are all children of chance: some of us are kindly favoured by fortune; some seem to be the victims of fate; and others neither the one thing nor the other—knocked about from pillar to post, with here a streak of fat luck, and there a streak of the leanest kind. But, brethren, every one of us is lucky in one respect—that is, in getting into this living and breathing world. Our being born is but the result of accident, after all, philosophize as you may upon the subject. What a glorious escape have we made from remaining for ever in the womb of nonentity! Let us congratulate one another, then, that we have the lot of living, moving, and having a being upon this terraqueous globe.

My friends: many of you imagine that you are born to ill-luck, and seem to strive your prettiest to foster your ridiculous fancies. You will have it that others reap richer harvests from the fields of chance than yourselves; that, when it rains bean-porridge, your dishes are always bottom upwards—when it snows Genesee flour, the wind blows it to your neighbour's door—and when it hails hulled corn, you have no milk to eat it with. You find a pistareen in the street: "Just my luck!" you exclaim, as you pocket the disappointment. "If anybody else had found it, it would have been a quarter, sure." If you feel for a knife in the dark, among a peck of knives and forks, you are certain to get hold of a fork. Whatever you do, and wherever you go, everything works against you, according to your thinking; but, in accordance with my humble opinion, you work against things, more than things labour against you. You labour under a mistaken idea if you think to the contrary. The man who petitioned to have the lamp-posts removed because they interfered with him in his nocturnal perambulations, considered himself a victim of ill-luck. He might have been so; but the poor lamp-posts had more reason to complain of hard rubs than himself.

My brethren: I have to preach for your edification, and perhaps amusement. I am lucky when, by chance I have a good sermon, and get half a hatful of genuine coppers in return; but, as I always expect more or less bad ones in the heap, I am never disappointed. I bag the lot, without pausing to questionize as to whether any other preacher would have been cursed or blest with the same luck, had he been in my boots. So should you take matters easy, for,

recollect that Fortune never picks out a particular individual to smile upon, nor selects a certain portion upon whom to cast her spiteful frowns. The first is this, my friends: rather than depend upon labour, you are too apt to rely upon luck; and when the latter betrays your confidence, you owe it a grudge that time can never pay. To test your luck, don't throw dice nor buy lottery-tickets; but put your hand to the plough, and hold on, or drive the cattle and let somebody else hold—but be sure that you do one or the other, and the end thereof shall be fortunate. Expect a bar of iron to melt with the breath of a southern wind—a seaman's whistle to calm the excited ocean—a town on fire to be extinguished with a woman's tears—the stars to be blown out with a September gale. You may expect these to happen, if you like; but don't suppose that good luck will keep company with a loafer who is too lazy to work, and so depends upon the precarious crumbs of chance. If you firmly believe in an unalterable degree of luck, you will have more of the bad sort plastered to your remembrance than were ever feathers attached to a fresh coat of tar. Mondays and Fridays will enter into a conspiracy against you; all your new moons will be seen over the left shoulder; squirrels will run across the road before you, from the right to the left; you will spill more salt at the table than any other one; and the clouds will be certain to take the opportunity to rain when they catch you without an umbrella.

My hearers: a murrain on all your superstitious notions about luck: one mortal is just as liable to mishaps as another. Keep clear of the fire, and you will escape being burned; go not near the water, and there is no danger of getting drowned: look not for the apparitions of ill-luck, and you will see but few of them at the most; and they, like all other ghosts, possess more power to scare than harm. So mote it be!

ON TRUTH-SPEAKING.

TEXT.—Behold the manne! he spake the truthe,
Hee's greater than a kynge.

MY HEABEES: I will tell you a truth: There is not one among five thousand of you who has the moral boldness to tell the honest, wholesome, salutary truth on all occasions. Your plucks are too soft, and you haven't grit enough in your gizzards to do it. Show me the brother biped who harboureth the will and possesseth the courage to come boldly forward and defend the Veritable—though he butt his head against that same old post Public Opinion—and I will show you a man who is greater than a king, although he might fall a little short in physical magnitude; for greatness, you know, my friends, doesn't depend upon the weight and bulk of the corpus, but upon the depth of the mind, the strength of the brain,

a disposition to do the "clean thing" at all times, and to speak the whole truth, undeterred by fear, and unswayed by favour. All THAT constitutes greatness, and "nothing else"—otherwise a rhinoceros, or a bug, is greater than a man.

My friends: I wonder if I couldn't, by gentle persuasion—and not by such IMPULSES as are administered to contrary cattle—cause you more generally to proclaim the truth, and bring a blush upon the cheek of the arch-enemy of mankind, if it is possible that a glow of shame can make itself visible upon the countenance of a black rascal like him. The devil and I, my brethren, are sworn enemies. We have been so ever since he put me up (when I was a boy) to hooking water-melons from a neighbouring patch, for the fun and glory of the thing. Now if there is any fun or glory in being held fast by a bull-dog, AND by the seat of one's trousers, till Mr. Proprietor comes along and RELEASES THE CANINE—why, then, old Fix'em may hold his hat to catch my compliments. But he lied, and he knew it: he is a liar from the beginning; and I am not afraid to tell him so to his face. I shan't fight him, though; for when I fight, I fight no one but a gentleman—and I'll see HIM clod-rotted first. This ancient Nicholas being an enemy of mine, I suppose I am bound to love him in a degree; but that degree is very small, I can assure you. I wish him well enough—better, no doubt, than he wishes me. He can go on lying, however, if he chooses, while I shall persevere in preaching the truth, and perhaps a LEETLE more than the truth.

Now, my hearers, what is the truth, and what isn't? Why, it is true that most of you fashionable, church-going fellows make great pretensions to piety, and exhibit outwardly a righteous show, while true Religion "holds no inward seat." There is a vast difference between theoretical and practical piety. One has "hair on it"—the other hasn't.

It is the truth that politicians who pretend to have such a regard for the "dear people," don't care a hooter so long as their own selfish ends are obtained. What care they for you or me, after all? They love you—and so doth a cat love a mouse!

It is the truth that, if you show to your wife that you love her most prodigally, she will "come, none of your capers." The fault is, that husbands, upon the whole, don't convince their tenderer halves that they love them so much as they really do. Now I never had any experience in this matter; but I'll risk my hopes of heaven on a bet, that my ideas on the subject are as correct as the reckoning of a Dutch grocer.

It is true that we all want to live without work, if we can; and yet, had we nothing to do, we should be perfectly miserable. It is employment that brings contentment.

It is true that we think more of the Past and the Future than of the Present; reckless of the fact that the despised Present changes into the admired Past, and the fond Future into the unattractive Present.

I is true that if you follow the path of vice, you will get into a

swamp before you know it; and that if you walk in the ways of wisdom and virtue, you will enjoy an *Eden* upon earth.

And it is also true, my friends, that you can't make a **GENTLEMAN** of a woman by abusing her.

In short, there are many truths to be told, which will be uttered hereafter; but sufficient for to-day is the little that I have let loose. So mote it be!

MIDSUMMER, LIKE LOVE: TOO WARM.

TEXT.—Each season possesses some beauty and charm,
But the charm of midsummer, like love, is too warm.

MY HEARERS: In my last discourse I spoke of change as being the order of things, and necessary to the comfort, health, and happiness of us sublunary mortals. Now mark how the seasons change, and say, if you can, that you are not satisfied therewith. Is it not all for the best? All spring, all summer, all autumn, or all winter, would be scarcely endurable. Each is good in its turn; for, as the Bard of Avon once said, Variety is the spice of life that gives it all its flavour—and an all-wise Providence seems to have so catered, as to suit the tastes of even the most fastidious. The mild, mellow days of golden autumn are glorious to behold; there is music in the wild winds of winter; and while Nature is taking a comfortable nap beneath her snowy counterpane, we are having all sorts of fun, and making night merry with the tallest specimens of enjoyment. In spring we feel rejuvenated, buoyant, and hopeful—feel as though we were about to take a fresh start, with the grass, skunk-cabbages, and vegetation in general; and now, in summer, we are enjoying the beauties of Nature, in the meridian of all her glory and splendour. The grass will never be greener, the foliage thicker, the flowers lovelier, the rivers bluer, the lakes calmer, the sun brighter, the dells darker; and I puff, pant, and pray, that the weather may never be hotter!

My friends: [Phew! let me exercise my handkerchief a little]—it's hot enough to sweat all the sin out of Sabbath-breaking: and if you had rather lay off at Hoboken, or Cony Island, than sit in this oven and hear me agonize, I won't blame you for your choice. As it is written in the Second Epistle of Chabert to the Salamanders, Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness—some boundless continent of shade! How do you aspiring hod-carriers stand it, upon the ladder to bricklaying distinction, to be pierced with Sol's fiery arrows for hours? When I think of your situations, a scalding, sympathetic tear drops inwardly upon my heart, and it sisses like a tailor's goose. Phew! phew! the caloric drives all the gospel out of me. I feel as if I was frying in the fat of my own faith. My moral faculties are altogether unsoldered, and all my solid grace has resolved itself into liquid gravy. But we must try, brethren, to keep as cool as we possibly can. Don't get excited upon politics,

religion, or universal freedom: but wait till the dog-days are over, and then you may pump your passions into as high a state of effervescence as you like, with comparative safety: as the weather is now, there is some danger of bursting your physical boilers before you know it. A great deal depends upon the channel of your thoughts. I beseech of you not to think a moment of love, hell-fire, or hot whisky punches; but let your thoughts rest upon some shady paradise, iced lemonades, a driving snow-storm, and the jingling of the sleigh-bells. Contrive to meet an old acquaintance in the street, and let him give you the cold shoulder as he passes—that will be as refreshing as a shower to the withering plant. Frosted friendship is a great thing when the thermometer threatens death and destruction to every living excitable object. Now is a good time to give you some understandable idea of the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; but I am not such a cruel monster as to do it, at present. Your sufferings, I perceive, are sufficiently severe, without their being augmented by the description of any hotter climate than this.

My hearers: your noses look like so many red pepper-pods by a garden fence; how is mine? I am glad to know, however, that your hearts are cold enough to prevent your melting into candle-grease; and that, although you perspire like roasting pigs, you wont sweat out so much sin but there will be enough left to enable you to get a decent living in the world. As I would as soon preach in a barrel with the bung-hole stopped, as here, I will dismiss you at once, with my blessing. All the advice I have to give you is: Keep quiet—try to be cool—take a bath night and morning—wear light clothing—sleep on straw beds—eat principally of vegetable food—do nothing to worry your consciences—don't let politics and mosquitos trouble you more than you can help, and, above all, keep clear of debt. So mote it be!

MODERN YOUTHS.

TEXT.—Now, Mr. Shakspeare, tell me, if you can,
The difference between a youth and a young man?

MY HEARERS: This question was once asked of my friend Shakspeare by a drunken, mahogany-faced, carbuncle-nosed blacksmith. The reply was, that there existed the same difference as between a scalded and a coddled apple. We see, then, that, in the time of the great bard, a youth was nothing more nor less than an incipient man. Though physically juvenile, he was self-opinionally endowed with all the ripened attributes of manhood. He scorned to be called a boy, though he proved himself a child by pouting when addressed as "my lad." Because his mother's apron-strings were then, as now, composed of gum-elastic, which stretched so as to allow him to roam somewhat at random, he foolishly imagined that he had clipped them asunder with the scissors of independence.

and was at liberty to enjoy all the rights and privileges of the adult. Yet boys will be boys, in spite of their strongest endeavours to appear as men.

My friends : in these degenerate days of ours, we have no youth among the masculine gender. They are either babes or men. No sooner has a lad arrived at the age of sixteen than he begins to curse, swear and swagger, like a graduate in the school of profanity and pomposness—chew tobacco as a horse eats hay—smoke cigars, as if his reputation were based upon the commitment or non-commitment of the act—drink rum, as though his character might suffer disparagement if he didn't indulge according to the habits and customs of his elders—and try to cultivate whiskers, for the sake of exciting the envy and jealousy of his fellow playmates. How proud is the fledgling when he first discovers a few pinfeathers starting from his callow chin ! He is no longer a child then, but a man, in every sense of the word. Should his mother ever have the temerity to scold him, he calls her “no gentleman ;” and if the father undertake to chastise him, he complacently draws his fingers across his upper lip, as much as to say, “If you lay hold of me, you take the lion by the beard.” Oh ! these modern youth !—they are bright enough without any extra rubbing : let them alone. All they want to become perfect men are, heathenish whiskers, a standing shirt-collar, high-heeled boots, and a big pocket-book. If they don't shine then in full meridian splendor, they never will. But what looks worse upon the cheeks of a boy than a pair of precocious whiskers ? They resemble, to my mind's eye, a paucity of half-scared lichens encircling a sickly fungus. And then as for chewing tobacco : to see such a temple of primal purity, clean and new from the hand of the great Architect, bedaubed with the filthiest of the filthy, is enough to turn the stomach of an ostrich. As to youth imbibing alcohol—that double distilled damnation to young souls—for the sake of being thought men, I would rather that a son of mine should saw his legs off, or venture upon a speculation in Wall Street, than be guilty of such a mind-debasing and body-destroying practice. Then to hear a lad, before he is old enough to wrestle with a full-grown grasshopper, boldly take the name of God in vain, and set at defiance the hosts of heaven and the minions of hell, is indeed most awful ! I don't mind a boy's swearing a little, just a little, according to what he is allowed by those who are older, and have a right to swear as they choose. For instance, he may make use of such expressions as “By Golly !” “By Gosh !” or “By the great never-living jumping Moses !” These will all do pretty well ; they come near to the mark, but don't touch. They trespass not in the least upon the profane privileges of grown people. But here in Gotham—this city of swearing, gambling, swaggering, hypocrisy, foolishness, foppery, affectation, and all sorts of sin—I see no difference between boys, young men, and men of mature years. Put them all together in a bag of colossal dimensions, give them a good shaking up, and empty them out in a heap, and it would puzzle Old Nicholas himself to tell which is the man and which the boy.



"Should his mother ever have the temerity to scold him, he calls her 'No gentleman.'"



This is a great country, my friends,—it grows with its growth, and the undergrowth groweth with marvellous rapidity. Heaven only knows what we shall arrive at in the end; but I sincerely hope, and venture to trust, that we shall all reach heaven at last. So mote it be!

A SHORT SERMON PREACHED TO A SHORT PEOPLE.

WIND-WHISTLE ISLANDERS! You vile undergrowth of the human forest; you dwarfish, stunted, frost-frightened samples of primitive humanity! why do you not contrive to grow taller, physically, mentally, and morally? You hold your heads high, and imagine that they are as near heaven as mine; but it is no such thing—you fall short of me by a foot and a half, standing in my stockings and wig off; and as for your religious ideas, they were never known to do more than to put forth a few sickly sprouts and die. This is all owing, my dear heathen, to your abominable, self-willed ignorance, which I suppose you will do your best to maintain for ever. At present you seem determined to know nothing, and I'm afraid I haven't sufficient power and plug tobacco about me to sway you from such a sinful determination. If I speak to you of better lands than your own dreary, desolate, rocky, storm-tattered island, you HOO-HOO at me, as much as to say "No you don't, we are not made of grass!" But let me tell you of a wonderful truth. Away down in the south, where the sun goes to warm himself in winter, (who said HOO?) is a great country called California; a land abounding in gold, rum and plug tobacco. The rocks, as big as yours, are all solid gold—so solid that, as yet, they never have been broken to afford sordid ambition a piece as big as your little toe-nail; but they will be soon, and perhaps more immediately. The trees, whose waving tops tickle the cheeks of the moon, and keep the stars for ever winking, are perpetually foliated with leaves of silver, and ever hang with golden apples, averaging in size from a small fist up to a big baby's head. But mind, you Wind-whistlers, all these temptations exist only at the tops of the trees, and in the heated imaginations of enthusiasts—wholly beyond the reach of mortal man. Down in the valleys, though, there is more gold, mixed with tobacco, than would bury your whole island to the depth of half a mile, and sink your souls even deeper in the mire of depravity than they are now. There they have machines, propelled by everlasting perpetual power, to separate the pure from the impure—the clean from the unclean—the chaff from the wheat—the righteous from the unrighteous. Bushels of unseemly rubbish are poured into the top of the machine, while from the bottom eternally gush two vast, magnificent, heavenly streams: the one of pure, unmarried, virgin gold—the other of beautiful, blue-black, sweet-scented plug tobacco. Then, O, Wind-Whistlers! just imagine that this auriferous and narcotic California is also a spiritual land of promise! Yes, there all the rivers run fourth-proof Santa Cruz rum over beds of brown sugar, and every mudhole is a mon-

strous basin of molasses. Now will you speed on the wings of the wind, or on your fast trotters either, to this blessed land? I feel assured that you will; for if gold, rum and tobacco wont entice a heathen, as well as a Christian, then the world is not now as it was in the days of "Moses and the profits." Hoo-hoo! you grunt most unanimously. Well, stay where you are, then; delight in your own destitution, and make merry with your own misery. While I send round my hat to receive your shells and trinkts, let us all sing after a fashion:

When thirst for gold enslaves the mind,
And selfish views alone bear sway,
Man leaves his wife and babe behind,
And hies to Ca-li-for-ni-a.

Brethren Wind-whistle Islanders! since your affections have taken such deep root here in the cracks of the rocks that I can't pull them up without danger of bursting something, permit me to throw a small handful of advisory salt among you. There are spots upon your cold, hard-looking island tenderly susceptible of cultivation. These you must cultivate. Plant potatoes, corn and beans—beans especially; and as these spring up and flourish, they will give premonitory evidence of your being upon the right track to civilization. Only know beans, and you increase in wisdom, bodily strength and gumption: they add much to the corporeal weight, and cubits to the stature of the mind. Beans work wonders. Raise them, and you will raise yourselves in time to a level with the enlightened nations of the earth; but I can't promise you any more real happiness than you now possess. So mote it be!

A spunky sermon against anger winds up—

My hearers: let us see what Anger is like. It is like, says our text, a red (full, I think, is the word though) hot horse, who, having the liberty to go-a-head at whatever stride he pleases, soon gets short of wind, and tired with the weight of his own mettle.

It is like a little narrow brook that rises with a sudden shower, makes a great bluster and bubbling, and then falls back again, with almost as much haste as it jumped it. Then the softer, more sensible, and more respectable thoughts flow in—sorrow and shame are seen floating upon the surface—and placid love at last returns to her happy home.

It is like—if you could suppose such a thing—a blank dictionary. It wants words at first; but, when it gets them, it seems as though the whole of Webster, and a good slice of Walker, had been chewed up to be spit out for the occasion.

It is like a bunch of burning brushwood; the more you stir it up with a long pole, the fiercer rage the flames. Let it alone, and it will all soon end in smoke.

It is like a glass of seidlitz—all foam and fury for a moment, and

then settles down to a dead, flat calm—a calm as defunct and insipid as a glass of beer that has stood overnight.

In short, friends, it is like a quick-tempered woman when her dander is up. She knocks things about at first cost—breaks broomsticks—upsets the cradle—creates a panic among the pots and kettles—and threatens to annihilate annihilation itself. Don't touch her,—keep away from her—let her alone, and in five minutes the storm will be over, and she as good as pie again. If you are not fond of pie, suppose I say pudd'n.

My dear friends: always let Anger have its way. When you arouse it, never attempt to kill it, but leave it to die a natural death. Its very life depends upon constant molestation. When I speak of allowing the monster tho largest liberties, I have no reference to the anger born in your own bosoms. On such put a strong halter, and fasten tight to the post of reason. Whip the animal till he yields to the will of his master, and becomes as gentle as a lamb; and then look out for the future that he doesn't wax fat and kick, like Jerusha of olden times. As for me, I never allow myself to be pumped into a passion in a moment, nor to be angry while any one else is exercising the prerogative; and I sincerely trust, my friends, that you are each as good-natured a fool as your humble preacher. So mote it be!

We now select a specimen of the versification:—

MAN BORN TO TROUBLE.

TEXT.—Man is born to trouble.

My friends! there's been trouble	In the cup of gay pleasure
All over the world,	Are aloes and gall,
Since out of the garden	Wormwood and cockroaches—
Our parents were hurled:	I can't tell what all.
Then Sin hatched a nestful	The weather's 'most always,
Of troubles, and they	Too hot or too cold;
Have hatched out a million	Our children are either
To bite us to-day.	Too shy or too bold;
Wherever we wander,	Plums, peaches, and cherries,
We are sure, as we go,	Are pestered with stones;—
To be scratched by the thistles	No fun eating shad, on
And briars of woe:	Account of the bones.
In the meadows are posies	The favoured of Fortune
That sweet pleasure bring you;	From want are secure;
But keep out the grass, or	Though rich as old Dives,
A serpent may sting you.	In peace are as poor;
The smiles of fond Fancy	They've troubles to tease them,
Prove horrible grins,	They find no repose—
And our cushions of comfort	They've cares on their shoulders,
Are stuck full of pins;	And corns on their toes.

At the loss of a penny
 They grumble and groan,
 As though the rheumatics
 Were piercing each bone.
 The ghosts of bad shillings
 For ever them haunt,
 And they shake lest to-morrow
 Should bring them to want!

If we rise to distinction,
 Or by wealth acquire fame,
 There are thousands would rob us
 Of our rhino—our name;
 The puppies of envy
 Pursue us, and bark,
 And gladly would give us
 A nip—in the dark.

In yon hive there is honey,
 But bees are there, too;
 'You're d—d but you'll have it,'
 You're damned if you do:
 So, never act rashly,
 Be cool, calm, and kind;
 For sin, bees, and hornets
 Leave stings, each, behind.

Blest Anticipation!
 How fair is thy face!
 Curst Participation!
 Get out of the place!
 Here, Hope! take that bundle
 Of nettles away!
 You promised to bring me
 Bright roses to-day!

Oh! this is the world that
 Revolves on its axis
 So sleekly, so smoothly,
 But has troubles and taxes!
 Where man, the proud mortal,
 With folly carouses,
 Unheeding the tear of
 His heart and his trousers!

Yes, this is the world where
 The high and the low
 Have to sip from the gourd-shell
 Of sorrow and woe;
 Where the fleas are not partial
 As to whom they shall bite—
 Whether master or servant,
 King, "nigger," or knight.

Yes, this is the planet
 Where rich man nor poor
 Can keep peace in his dwelling
 And trouble out door;
 Where "sore toes and sickness"
 Is the sad lot of all
 That trot, canter, or gallop,
 Walk, scrabble, or crawl.

Thank Heaven! that some day
 'Twill be burnt into ashes;
 Or by some crazy comet
 Knocked all into smashes!
 TILL THEN let's PLAY happy,
 Make b'lieve it, you see!
 We can do nothing else, friends,
 And, so mote it be!

TIME PAST—LOVE—GOODNESS.

TEXT.—Time that's gone, none may restore it,
 Love, all hearts must bow before it;
 Goodness, we must still adore it,
 Whencesoe'er it come.

MY HEARERS: Well may we consider that time is the stuff that life is made of—and precious stuff it is, too. Therefore, how important it is that we should look after it, and make the most of it as it comes. I have said that time is stuff; so money is stuff, and "time is money." This all beseemeth true; nevertheless it often-times happeneth that he who hath the more time on hand, hath the less cash on hand. However, it is generally understood that if we *take any note of time, it is as good as ready money, inasmuch as*

there be great interest upon it. Time is a good paymaster—he settles everything, from the debt of nature down to the lowest rum-mill—from a disturbed stomach up to a dangerous dispute. Some persons have a murderous disposition for killing time: they go out a-gunning for the barbarous purpose, and call it merely "taking Time by the firelock!" Wretches!—as my friend Michael would say, "What has the jingleman done to disarve such threatmint?" Why, he has soothed many a sorrow—healed many a wound—unheeled many a boot—applied the unction of grease-goose to many a chapped conscience—blighted many a rose upon the blooming cheek of youth and beauty—caused buds to blossom—blossoms to decay—relieved many a mortal from malignant misery—brought millions of unembodied souls from a quiet nonentity into a material world of woe—and set the door to eternityajar, for all to make a happy escape, at last. Now, sum up all, and tell me whether time ought to be killed. My verdict is, Not guilty! Time is bound to be gone soon enough, without troubling ourselves as to putting it out of the way. You should make the most of it while it lasts; for, when it is once gone, you can no more restore it than you can bring a polish upon a rusty reputation by rubbing it against a Presbyterian pulpit.

My friends: our text implicitly says we must all bow to and acknowledge the demi-almighty power of Love. Yes, Love is really omnipotent. In peace—as my friend Scott said, or might, could, would, or should have said—Love tunes the shepherd's pipe, and makes him blow it out with a warmth and energy sufficient to move a mud-turtle. In war he mounts the warrior's steed, and goes his death for pretty Polly and a people's praise. In the halls of fashion he is seen in gay attire, and is stiff as a poker, for the sake of Sal and ceremony. In hamlets he dances on the green to the tune of "Bowery gals, will ye come out to-night," and is as antic as a cricket upon a hot hearth, inspired to perspiration by the presence of his beautiful Betsy. In short,

Love rules the court, the (s)camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

My dear friends: as regards Goodness, we all must admire it, wherever it be found, or whence it come. No being is so totally depraved but he has some good qualities; and the darker the character the brighter must shine every virtuous spark. But, if there be anything that Heaven and I despise, it is a pompous mortal with superfine coat and pants, and principles that most wretchedly want patching: yet even in a thing like this, or any other hypocrite who stands between the devil and divinity, there is a gem of goodness, which only requires the genial sun of circumstance to cause it to shoot and put forth an honest, benevolent, and promising blade. I say it, my friends, and stick to it, like shoemaker's wax, that we are *bound to admire* goodness wherever it is to be found—whether *in the dunghill of humanity*, or in the hearts of the angels of heaven;

and if it comes to us from a quarter whence we least expect it, it is so much the more worthy a generous consideration. So mote it be!

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.

TEXT.—To be, or not to be—that is the question.

MY HEARERS: I don't see that there need be any question at all about "To be, or not to be." I say ~~BE~~, as long as there is a possibility of a ~~BE~~ in the world: and so mote it be! You sour-souled codfish-mouthed misanthropists, who despise yourselves, and hate everybody and everything! your eternal absence would be no loss to the world, I am sure: but do you ever expect to be in any happier condition, let you go where you will? You are determined to be miserable, and misery will be your lot, to the farthest end of for ever. Heaven—to which place you can never go, by the way—would be hell to you, and hell itself prove as unsatisfactory as heaven. Every one of you dissatisfied, discontented, grumbling mortals, will probably go nowhere, when you make your escape from this terrestrial prison, and have all the room to yourselves. At least I hope so.

My friends: what fools you are for ever thinking of making your quietus with a bodkin, pistol, rope, or razor! If you get lost in the woods, there is always a chance of your finding the way out, and you can do no more than die, at the worst. Because you find no flowers in winter, can't you possibly wait for the buds and blossoms of spring? If there come a long north-east storm, will you damn all creation, and cut your throat? Has not sunshine always succeeded a shower, and fair weather followed the gloomiest of skies? Oh, you forlorn, wretched, and suicidal mortals! cheer up, and have the spunk to live and outlast the severest of circumstances. Never say die, so long as you can see a gimlet-hole for the light of hope to stream through. There can be a coward of no greater magnitude than he who, scared at the shadows and apparitions of ill, dives headlong into eternity, like a frantic woman who throws herself from a third-story window, because there is a fire somewhere in the neighbourhood. It is really horrible to reflect upon the number of suicides committed by desperate fools in the course of a year. Horrible! It is enough to make a dinner-pot turn pale, accustomed to hot water as it is.

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My dear friends: it is truly sickening to humanity: why, it is enough to sour the milk in the cocoa-nut, to see how many of our ought-to-be-happy fellow-creatures allow the black spiders of melancholy to weave their webs in every corner of their bosoms—how the miserable mortals take pains to go round and gaze upon the gloomy gable-end of every earthly enjoyment—how they permit rank weeds

to grow up and overshadow every beautiful plant and flower in the garden of existence. Pshaw! such poor home-made devils are not worth the consideration of a caterpillar. Let them go, if they will, to the place assigned for all such rubbish. As to "To be, or not to be," as I have said before, there is no question about it. It is BE, most decidedly—"and nothing else." So mote it be!

On Names, Dow says—My friends: there is more in your ancestral names than you may at first imagine. A long name always commands more respect than a short one. For instance, if your patronymic be Montgomery, Montague, Montcalm, Washington, or Chateaubriand, you are lifted so high in the estimation of the world, that such short, bobtailed concerns as Jones, Haynes, Fay, Dow (jr.), are lost sight of entirely. So, if you happen to be cursed with a short name, I advise you to apply at once to the state legislature for something longer—more high-sounding—and, consequently, more respectable. Higginbottom sounds altogether more respectable than Mix, and Kaufmamm-smuzecoff is preferable to either. Oh, you contemptible Browns, Smiths, Jones, Meads, and all such unconsidered trash!—why do you allow yourselves to be thus cut so short? Either add syllables to, or alter your appellations, and you will raise yourselves a couple of pegs higher in the sight of those who never saw you. [Excuse the bull, brethren.] My dear friends: The name that the world gives you, for your good or bad behaviour, is to be vastly considered. If you pursue the path of virtue, walk in wisdom's ways, act honestly, and behave yourselves before company, you will be presented with a jewel worth more than all the wealth of the Indies, and of which there is no fear of your being robbed—**A GOOD NAME**. A man who pretends to feel for another under difficulties, may, by his plausible good feeling, extract from him all that he hath—except his good character. That is his own, and is his for ever. You may spit the tobacco-juice of calumny upon it, or bespatter it according to the worst of your endeavours, nevertheless, all these stains will fade and disappear by being bleached in the sunshine of public opinion. You cannot rob a man of his good name. It may be tarnished for a time, or a few flaws may be picked in it; but, eventually, it will recover its original brightness, and assume its wonted wholeness. No, brethren—as for taking a mortal man's good name from him, you might as well undertake to pull goose-quills from the wings of an angel.

WANT MONEY, THE WORST OF WANTS.

TEXT.—Want sense, and the world will o'erlook it;
 Want feeling—'twill find some excuse;
 But if the world knows you want money,
 You're certain to get its abuse:
 The wisest advice in existence
 Is ne'er on its kindness to call;
 The next way to get its assistance
 Is—show you don't need it at all!

MY HEARERS: This is not only a great, but a curious and mysterious world we live in and pay rent for. All discord is harmony; all evil is good; all despotism is liberty; and all wrong is right—for, as Alexander Polk says, "Whatever is, is right," except a left boot, and wanting to borrow money. You may want sense, and the world wont blame you for it; it would gladly furnish you with the article, had it any to spare; but, unluckily, it has hardly enough for home consumption. It generously overlooks the matter, inasmuch as you had not the making of yourself; for, if you had, there is no doubt but you would have put in a few more brains, and put on a little less bottom. However, if you lack sense, you are well enough off, after all; for then, if you commit a FOX PAW, as the French say, you are let go with the compliment, "Poor fool! he doesn't know any better!" The truth is, a great deal of brains is a vast deal of botheration. An empty skull is bound to shine in company; because the proprietor of it has not sense enough to know that there is a possibility of his making a nincompoop of himself; and, therefore, he dashes ahead, hit or miss, and generally succeeds beyond the bounds of all expectation. Let a man be minus brains and plus brass, and he is sure to slide through the world as though he were greased from ear to ankle; but rig up for him a complete machinery of thought, and it is as much as he can do to tend it. He goes to his grave, ruffled and tumbled—curses life for its cares, and moseys into eternity pack-saddled with mental misery. Oh, for the happiness of the fool!

My friends: if you want feeling, it will always find excuse. The apparently-miserable mendicant, that begs a penny at your door, may be better off than yourself. You hesitate to help a mortal out of the pit of poverty, lest he turn about and tumble you in the same pit for your kindness. As for pretending to feel for a brother's woes, his misfortunes, and his miseries, is all in my eye and Mrs. Elizabeth Martin. The only true state of feeling is to feel for another man's money. Get that, and then you can feel—feel—feel comfortable.

My dear friends: don't let the world know that you really stand in need of money; if you do, it will see you a considerable way further down before you get a copper from its treasury. The world rides those that are ridden—treads upon those that are down—

kicks those that are used to being kicked, and cuffs the ears of the poverty-bitten, as though they had been guilty of some enormous offence. You must hold up your heads, look smart (as you actually do smart), and pretend that your pockets are suffering with a plethora of the "pewter," if you wish to obtain a pecuniary favour from your fellow rascals. All is deceit and hypocrisy here below. Man takes every available advantage of his brother man, in the way of business; and if I were to swap horses to-day with a minister of the gospel, I should keep one eye open just as wide as though I were dealing with a notorious jockey. Excuse my want of confidence in professional piety; but faith is not to be summoned by each wish and desire. Flesh is flesh, and fish is fish, after all.

My hearers: if you have nothing, nobody can rob you. If you have nothing, you are safe, provided you can manage to extort an existence. If you can get something anyhow, well and good, so long as the world considers it honestly your own; but, if you go to borrow money, make the lender believe that you are about to enrich him by paying great interest, when you have not the remotest idea of disturbing the principal. I talk this way, because it is the way of the world. It is, "pull Dick, pull devil," with mankind through life. The one that, unfortunately, falls behind, is a victim to kicks and curses, while he that is ahead basks in the sunshine of fortune and popular favour, albeit he be one the devil would disdain to touch with a pitchfork. For my part, I do not want to see such things. I wish to see you all united, without regard to condition, sex, or sentiment. I want to see you men all shake hands with one another, and do whatever is fair, each unto each. I desire you to kiss the women, and love them in all sincerity; for there is no doubt but they were put upon earth for a good purpose. And lastly, I warn you against thinking too much of money; for it has carried a good many to hell, and none to heaven. So mote it be!

WHAT IS TRUE.

TEXT.—Man of wisdom! man of years!
Tell, oh, tell us, what is true!

MY HEARERS: I don't pretend to be a man possessed of more than a moderate share of wisdom—about as much as an owl that nightly asks "WHO'S WHO?" and pauses in vain, during the day, for a reply—nor one who can boast of as many years as an Adam, a Noah, or a Methuselah; yet I can tell you what is true about some things, as well as others.

It is true that Eighteen Forty-Seven died a day agone, and we shall never behold his face again. Since he died of old age and exposure to the rude inclemencies of winter, perhaps he might be more properly called Eighteen Hundred and Froze-to-death. However, since he is gone, to return no more, let us sing, "Lord bless

him, let him go," and rejoice that the child born unto us, and christened Eighteen Forty-Eight, is full of hope and promise to millions; albeit to some it brings dark doubts, evil bodings, and awful fears. But cheer up, ye disconsolate ones! When you come to see the infant year lifting up its little hands from the green velvet-lined cradle of Spring, holding violets, cowslips, and daffodils, and smiling like a cherub amid the budding bowers of Eden—then you will find fresh flowerets of hope and joy starting from your half-sterile hearts, and feel like a jay-bird indulging unmolested at a corn-rack. Yes, brethren, with these new and joyous impulses awakened in your bosoms, you will find it difficult to prevent exclaiming, as I did when I took my first favourite kiss, "Cut my straps, and let me go to glory."

It is true, my friends, that, to prosper in this world, you must work—be industrious—keep moving, like a deputy Christian distributing tracts.

It is true that cheerfulness is a promoter of health. Dark days are bound to intervene between us and the tomb; therefore, every man should carry a small bottle of sunshine under his shirt-bosom.

It is true that women make more false motions in amatory matters, or pretend to love when they do not, than men; and yet when a woman's affections are once fairly fastened upon a fellow, they stick and hang like a tick to a sheep. Nevertheless, foreign experience says, it is comfortable, if not delightful, to repose upon the soft down of woman's love.

It is true that flatterers bespatter one another with praise, to their own detriment—and to my astonishment. They let words out at interest, and receive words and ridicule in return.

It is true that idleness is the parent of many vices; but who shall say that ill-directed industry is not the mother of equally as many? However, I suppose we must obey the injunction, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might"—even though it maketh ready to "knock a nigger down."

It is true that time, tide, steamboats and soda-water will wait for no man. Therefore, it behoves us mortals to be always on the look-out, and to take timely advantage of every favourable opportunity.

It is true that, let us do our best, we are always wedged-in between yesterday and to-morrow. Ho-hum!—it is always dull to-day with mortal man.

It is true that there are two kinds of patriotism—one is urging, the other restraining. There may be good patriotism in declining to go to war in another country; but refusing to fight when war comes into one's country, is poor patriotism indeed. "There aint no hair on't."

It is true that posthumous fame is like a toad: it might be a pretty bird if it only had feathers. "Who hath honour? he that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it?" Not a feel!

It is true that big feet are more for use than ornament, like a leather shirt.

It is true that ministers of the gospel don't practise half what they preach—on an average. Some of them, though, preach nothing but hell, and they practise "nothing else."

It is true that I give good advice, and ask no questions. I throw dough to my chickens; if the chickens like it, let them eat it without first asking me why I don't eat it myself.

It is true that every dog has his day; but it isn't true that every Day has his dog.

It is true that every girl, no sooner than she is fourteen, wants to get married. It is in accordance with a "mysterious law of natur'."

It is true that nothing is gained by cheating; because a successful cheat is sure to lead on to disastrous consequences—at last.

It is true that a "swell" is neither a lady nor a gentleman; but a hermaphrodite, between high and low breeding.

It is true that there is no truth in two-thirds of the lies that are sent abroad, through envy, jealousy, spite, and malice.

My friends: I could tell two thousand five hundred things more that are true, but they wouldn't add an iota to your already well-filled stock of information. Suffice it to say, that you have all got to die, one of these odd days. Make up your minds to meet Death with a smile—give him a hearty shake of the hand—say "How are ye, old fellow?" and take a pleasant ramble with him upon the outskirts of a mundane existence. So mote it be!

THE VALUE OF LEARNING.

TEXT.—When land is gone, and money spent
Then learning is most excellent.

MY HEARERS: You might infer, perhaps, from the tenor of our text, that land moves off—cuts its stick—absquatulates; but it is no such thing. There may happen occasionally a little slide of a sand-bank; or the sinking of an island; or land may be inundated by a flood; yet it never goes far. It is you who, by indiscretion, extravagance, or misfortune, are compelled to leave your lands—not your lands you. They are exactly, generally speaking, where they were, and there will they ever remain; and still you have the effrontery to say they are gone, have left you, "without just cause or provocation!" As well might Adam and Eve have said, when kicked out of Eden, that Paradise had left them for no fault of theirs. O, ye silly boobies! know ye that ye may inherit land; but to keep it you must be as industrious as ants, and vigilant as roosters.

My hearers: money is moving stuff, hard to hold. It slips from between the thumb and finger like a watermelon-seed—travels without legs, and flies without wings. Strive your best to hold fast to the filthy lucre. Though it be called "the root of all evil," cling to it, and it will prove a faithful friend in the time of need. No matter

how honest, how righteous, or how pious a man may be, if he lack the "one thing needful," he will be shunned as though he were infected with the small-pox. Do, brethren, endeavour to have a few pennies in your pockets at all times over and above your honest debts, for the sake of your own dear selves; and, for the sake of mine, put as much as you can possibly afford in the hat every Sunday. I wont mind if you contribute a little more than your circumstances will permit; but I advise you not to do it. I tell you of a truthful proverb: "Money makes the mare go," and the preacher, too; but look out for yourselves first, and the preacher afterwards. Your administer of moral truths is of very little consequence, unless you look out for A No. 1. Take care of yourselves.

My hearers: after you have bidden good-bye to your land—when your bank bills are all wasted away, and your dollars have all rolled, for ever from your sight—what could you do then without a little learning—a small amount of education, just enough to swear by? I suppose you would say, now, I will spiralize my way to California, that heavenly land of Ophir, where Solomon obtained the marvellous amount of gold required to build his wondrous temple—where the virgin article clings to rocks in hugh masses to be knocked only by a sledge-hammer—where it rolls down the hills in lumps as much larger than pieces of chalk as fragments of chalk are larger than crumbis of cheese—where the rivulets, instead of running over vulgar pebbles, are paved with pearls, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Yes, I know you would say, I will forthwith proceed to "the land of Ophir," and there make a fortune at a jump.

But bear in mind, brethren, that although the gold of that land was good, it proved to be of no earthly use to our first parents. They were compelled, after all, to work for a living; and so all of you are so crazy-set for this new El Dorado will find, eventually, that you must dig for potatoes as well as for gold.

My hearers: dig in the mines of wisdom and knowledge. There treasures lie buried beyond the comprehension of all common mortals. Dig diligently, constantly, and perseveringly, and you will discover more gold, pearls, and diamonds than of which there is promised in scripture. A little learning is better than gold at times. Get that, and you acquire much—without it, you are doomed and damned. But, friends, take hold of the plough, apply the spade—do anything rather than dig gold in California. Get wisdom, as I have said before—get that, and you are safe. So mote it be!

TIME, TIDE, AND THE PRINTING PRESS.

TEXT.—That Time and Tide, and eke the Printing Press,
For no man wait, most truly has been said.

MY HEARERS: The world keeps moving, and we are compelled to move with it, despite our most desperate inclinations to wait a bit. Time takes us along with the rapidity of a locomotive upon an eastern railroad. There is no such thing as pausing by the way-side—no allowing us a few minutes to admire scenery, pick cherries, or to gather gooseberries as we journey. No; the wheels of time are ever in motion. Rapidly, O, rapidly, do we onward glide through the ever-varying scenes in life! The past soon becomes enveloped in the blue mists of partial oblivion—the present quickly dissolves and melts into the past—and the future is every moment being transformed into the present. That time waits for no man, or woman either, you all should know. This swift-winged messenger of death speeds upon his hasty errand, without regard to the wants, needs, or necessities of mankind. Upon its rapid car, with what astonishing velocity is Infancy borne, over Dreamhood, to the blooming paradise of Youth!—from Youth to the green territory of Manhood!—from Manhood to the barren, but not altogether blossomless, region of Age!—and, from Age to that country about which you nor I, my brethren, can know nothing for a certainty until we are transported thither to see and judge for ourselves! You will all soon reach the goal, or rather the place of embarkation for another and, I trust, a happier world: but don't be too sure of its being a happier one—it may, perhaps, turn out like Patrick's slaughtered pig—not so good as he expected, and he always thought so. Therefore, prepare yourselves to make it good unto you. Cease swearing; stop cheating; renounce hypocrisy; restrain evil passions; discard the devil; say your prayers; do as much good as you can; love everybody—your enemies included—and the fair sex in particular. By so doing, Time will take you smoothly and gently over the rough, corduroy road that leads to the grave, and you will entertain no fears of an awful Future—no more than I apprehend a tin sixpence being found in the contribution-box, which will be shortly passed about.

My friends: who can stay the tide, that ebbs and flows as regularly as the pendulum that swings? No one; and allow me to ask you, can you swerve the course of Nature? Not a jot. When the tide is ready to ebb, it WILL recede, without reference to the launching of a ship, or the setting sailing of a schooner. Consequently, you must take the opportunity of a favourable tide, and never expect that the tide is to wait a moment for you; because if you do, you are sure to be left behind, like a late passenger of a steam-boat. As my friend Shakspeare says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." We know this very well; but how many are there of

you, my brethren, who get a little too late for the flood, and are, therefore, obliged to fish upon the ebb! The consequence is, that you can catch nothing but toad-fish, gudgeons, and all such worthless trash; whereas, had you thrown your hook out while the young flood of fortune was setting-in, you might have caught more gold and silver fishes than you would well know how to keep, or how of which to dispose. But if thou think, my dear friends, that the tide is going to wait for you, on any occasion, you are just about as much deceived as was the expiring drunkard, who declared that death would not dirty his fingers with him in his present state, but wait till he was sober, and could meet him like a gentleman.

My dear friends: the printing-press, as well as time and tide, waits for no man. It is the distributor of intelligence to all, at home and abroad. Therefore, if you have any communications to make, hurry them up, hot and hasty, like buckwheat cakes at any of our cheap eating-houses; otherwise, the small modicum of your vast knowledge which you are desirous of contributing to the world may be left behind to moulder in oblivion. The printing-press **MUST** move at its appointed time; and I would have you all to know that the **SUNDAY MERCURY PRESS**, which does me the honour of printing my sermons, is ever upon the move, and none can stop it. The **Sunday Mercury** is a paper conducted with genius, talent, journeymen, and a clever apprentice. Subscribe to it, and I will subscribe to every rational requirement of yours, besides giving you a push towards temporal and everlasting happiness. So mote it be!

A BRIEF DISCOURSE.

Delivered before the half-civilized inhabitants of Barren Island, on the twenty-first day of January, in the year of the World, according to Moses, five thousand eight hundred and fifty-three.

BARREN ISLANDERS: To what state you belong is a mere matter of surmise to yourselves, to the world, and to me; but I can tell **you** what state you are in, just at present. You are in a state of ignorance, destitution, wretchedness and woe. You don't live, but somehow manage to keep, upon such scripture forbidden creatures as hard clams, horse-feet, sea-gulls, shitepokes, cranes, bitterns, and owls, without knowing anything about the comforts of religion, roast beef, Christianity, and nice chicken fricasees. I know that you dig money here in abundance, buried by such notorious pirates upon the high seas as Gibbs and Wansley, and others, who have long ago gone, penniless, to settle with their Creditor and Creator in a world unknown to mortals: but what use is money to you, unless it can procure you the common necessities of life? **Robinson Crusoe**, (you may not have heard of him,) when cast upon a desolate island like yours, found himself in possession of a bag of gold. "Worthless trash!" said he, "how gladly would I exchange thee all for a bite

of bread and cheese, a drink of cider, and a pipe and tobacco!" Here you are, solitary and alone, shut out from the world, and millions of miles from God. The ice prevents your getting to Cennarsia, to Rockaway, or to Coney Island, to obtain the wherewithal necessary to the body's welfare; and I don't see how you can possibly contrive to get to heaven at all. Yours is truly a barren, God-forsaken island. The tree of Christianity can get no root here in the sand; whatever moral seeds may here be sown stand no more chance of germinating than gravel stones in the gizzard of a guinea-hen. Your moral perceptions are as blunt as the end of a crowbar, and your ideas of things in general are as stunted as those dwarfish cedars that surround you. Churches, chapels, and school-houses, can have here but a sandy foundation at the best—the Bible, with you, is an exotic, and you know no more about the ten commandments than I do concerning the whereabouts of the ten lost tribes of Israel. The same sun shines upon you as upon us—at night you are overcanopied by the same starry firmament, and the impartial moon sheds the same beams upon your sheep-pen-looking shanties as upon our magnificent mansions. Still, you grope in moral and intellectual darkness. You want the lamp of learning to see how you are situated, and a good deal of gospelling to get you upon the right track. I am aware that you are comparatively free from vice; but you may thank your wretchedness for that, as vice is best maintained among the wealthiest and most fashionable of communities. You are honest because dishonesty is sanctioned. If one of you has a carrion crow all nicely cooked for dinner, and it is stolen just as the appetite and the spirit say "Come," you forgive the thief, and watch for an opportunity to reciprocate, knowing that you will be forgiven in return, and no questions asked.

Natives of Barren Island: though you are a rough-looking set, and your numbers be few, still you are no less valuable on such account. The hand Divine that moulded you, also manufactured me, consequently I am your brother, and as a brother I advise you to quit drinking potato-whisky and eating fish-hawks—to put bonnets upon the heads of your wives and shoes upon the feet of your children: in short, to make up your minds to emigrate into a more enlightened land as soon as the sweet damsel Spring is seen to peep from the window of the warm, sunny south. You must transplant yourselves into our great Gotham, and take with you every dollar that you have had the good fortune to dig up. We don't want your money—oh no! but we wish you to exchange it for what will enrich the mind, do justice to the stomach, and respectfully clothe the body. You must know that money, like manure, is of no earthly use until it is spread. So speed to New York—disseminate there your lucre—learn the ways, manners and customs of its inhabitants, and you will become so improved, in the course of a few years, that you wont know yourselves from a regiment of schoolmasters.

Outside barbarians! Perhaps, upon the whole, you had better stay where you are; for, in old Manhattan, we have refinement so completely refined that it is perfectly rotten—religion reduced to politica

—virtue crowned with thorns and spit upon, and vice garlanded with the flowers of wealth and fashion, but which are wholly without fragrance, and destined soon to decay. Therefore, Barren Islanders, I advise you to remain in your present position, especially as I have just learned that an elegant hotel is to be erected close by yonder clump of frightened cedars in the course of the ensuing spring. Then you will have a new spirit poured out upon you—your ideas of matters and things in general will be exalted: you will learn to eat what is eatable, and drink what is drinkable. You will put clean shirts upon your moral characters, new frocks upon your women, and the rod of correction upon your children. Furthermore, I have no doubt that, in the course of a few years, your now barren, desolate and mosquito-breeding island will be made to bloom like a paradise! So mote it be!

ON SHADOWS.

TEXT.—Shadow oft the wedded life;
 Every boy must have a wife,
 Every maiden will be wed,
 Eager heart and simple head,
 Sure of happiness complete;—
 What a shadow! what deceit!
 When the nuptial link is tied,
 Shadow husband! shadow bride!

MY HEARERS: What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue! This exclamation is old and wrinkly; and is therefore the more worthy of our considerate regard. We are nothing but shadows in pursuit of shadows: the Deity is the substance, and life the sun that causes them. When that is set, the individual shadows are seen no more upon the dial of the earth; but all is one universal shade. But life itself is a mere shadow—a walking shadow, according to Shakespeare—a fleeting shadow, according to somebody else; and, according to some other one, it is but the shade of a shadow. Yes, friends, truly did the fishmonger remark when he said “Life is a shad! Oh, how it flies!”—down the stream of time, in the fall of the year, to the eternal ocean.

My friends: what is called wedded life often proves to be a delusive shadow to those who enter upon it expecting to experience the joys of everlasting happiness—to know all about heaven at once, and how angels feel on an average: who think they are about to enjoy the bliss of a perpetual paradise, where not a care-gnat stings, not a flea-trouble bites, and not a sorrow-worm spiralizes its way into the core of delight, where they can lay off in lavender, and have nothing to do but to sport with the golden-backed insect moments as they dance jovially by—where the rose blossoms thornless; where the wheat is gathered chaffless; where pleasure is stingless, and where snakes are harmless—where they foolishly imagine they can thrive and grow fat upon love, kisses, and moonshine! and where





"Every boy must have a wife, now-a-days."

fancy converts hovels into mansions and pig-pens into palaces. But how shadowy are all their dreams ! When they get where they want to be, the lovely ideal departs like the beauties of a distant landscape, and nought but the cold real remains. Ay, when they have reached the what-looked-to-be paradise, they find it but a common pasture after all, where they must pick and pull for a living, as well as other mortals. To their astonishment they discover that they are in the same old world as before—cursed by the same cares—annoyed by the same anxieties—and deluded by the same hopes. They soon ascertain that poetry, love, and nonsense, may answer very well for a lunch, but beef, pork, and potatoes, or something equally substantial, are necessary for dinner. The most they can say is, that they are mildly happy—that the stream of life flows more placidly than before—that my old man is satisfied, and my old woman is contented.

Every boy must have a wife, says our text. True—every boy must have a wife, now-a-days. He must have a wife because pa has one ; and because the furze upon his chin and a couple of pockets in his coat behind proclaim a man—and he knows that “it is not good for MAN to be alone.” He marries him a wife, my friends ; and in three weeks after, he looks and feels him to be but the shadow of his former self. Vain shadow !

“ Every maiden will be wed ” if she can. No sooner has time trotted her into her teens, and she has shed her short frock, than she begins to think about matrimony ; and the more she thinks about it, the more she feels—she don’t know how. Still she dreams of beaux, Cupids, doves, darts, sentimental moonlights, and all such fancy goods. Her pretty little heart flutters in its prison like a butterfly in a bushel basket. She sighs for something—’tis nothing of any consequence ; for somebody—’tis nobody in particular. At last her fond affections are clinched, double-riveted to an object in trousers and stiff shirt collar—she is fast ; and, as for making her let go, you might as well undertake to whistle a grape-vine from a white oak. Have him she must, and have him she will, be he as poor as the grandfather of poverty, as ignorant as a Hottentot, and as odd-looking as a blue pig with a saffron-coloured tail. Poor creature ! with “eager heart and simple head,” she rushes forward to the goal, not only hoping, but actually believing, that she will there meet with happiness unadulterated with the vile ingredients that make up the compound of every maidenly joy. What a shadow ! what deceit !

My hearers : our text intimates that when a he and she of us mortals are put to work together in Hymen’s double harness, it is “ shadow husband ! shadow bride ! ” This may be all very correct in a metaphorical sense ; but, if the Quaker giant and giantess at Barnum’s Museum are to be considered shadows, heaven forfend that they should ever fall upon me, or upon my pulpit ! If there is any such thing as solid connubial happiness, they must enjoy it in its most solidified state. They are the tallest shadows in breeches and petti-

coats that ever crossed my astonished vision. Yet shadows they ~~are~~ ^{are}, as is everything else in this shadowy world. Love, honour, ambition, glory, wealth, and fame, are but so many mere shadows—intangible, fleeting, vanishing. And the multitude of multitudes upon earth—behold! “they come like shadows, so depart!” So mote it be!

As I have now finished my shadowy discourse, I give you all leave to go quietly home. Hence! dispel, disperse, vain shadows!

RESTLESS MORTALS.

TEXT.—In vain I search creation o'er,
My spirit finds no rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean, to make me blest.

MY HEARERS: Heaven has put restless spirits into our bodies, that we may not be satisfied with remaining in the same old spot for ever: that we may go forward, seek out new inventions, embark in new enterprises, establish new theories, and become more enlightened, greater, wiser, and, consequently, wickeder; but if we allow our uneasy spirits to wing their way over the world in search of the pure gold of happiness in big chunks, they will return to the ark tired and disappointed; for it can only be found in small particles, and mixed with sorrowful sand. Now, my little soul is naturally as uneasy in its cage as a partridge in a hencoop, or a dog in the kitchen of his new master; but, by dint of scolding and cuffing of ears, I compel it to go and lie quietly down in some corner of my heart, and make it appear as though it takes the world and women-folks easy, whether it does or not. I have sailed in the balloon-ship fancy over two-thirds, at least, of creation, and I can't find that happiness is to be discovered in greater abundance in one place than another. Therefore, I bid my fidgety soul be easy; and if it finds it impossible to be wholly easy, I order it to be as easy as it can, for I am determined not to be annoyed by it.

My friends: you, no doubt, find it a pretty hard task to keep the spirit contented at home—about as hard, I suspect, as making a hen set when she doesn't feel in the humour for it. Verily, the spirit is too willing to gad abroad, and the flesh imagines itself too weak to prevent it; but I don't believe that the flesh is always so weak as it pretends to be. It might do unsupposable things, if it only tried. But no, you had rather go with it, through swamps, marshes, thickets and grave-yards, in vain pursuit of the jack-o'-lantern, perfect blessedness! O, you silly fools! do you know what you chase? It is a phosphorescent nothing, that never has been and never can be grasped by mortals; and the swifter you run for it, the sooner you get tired, or find yourselves crotch-deep in the mud and mire of disappointment. Travel where you will—from Gog to Magog—from one end of the earth to the other—from Spitzbergen to Patagonia—

from Oregon to the East Indies—from Connecticut to California, and you will find, after all, that the world is too poor, too contemptibly mean, to make you blest. You will come to the calm conclusion, that as much happiness can be enjoyed at home as elsewhere, only you didn't find it out exactly in season.

My hearers: I know very well what you imagine will procure you bliss by the hogshead; it is that wretched, filthy stuff called money. This it is that keeps your souls in a flutter, and sets you jumping like a lot of chained monkeys at the sight of a string of fresh fish. You think if you only possessed a certain heap of the lucre, you would lie off in lavender—make mouths at Care—say How are ye? to Sorrow—laugh at Time, and feel as happy as an oyster in June. O yes! if you only had enough of the trash! I admit you might feel satisfied, and, of course, contented; but, in such cases, more requires more, (according to Daboll and the devil,) the last more requires most, most wants more yet; and so on, to the end of everlasting. There is no such thing as enough in wordly riches. As well might the sow be supposed to get enough of wallowing in the mire, as for a mortal to be satisfied with rolling in the carrion of wealth. So false are your ideas of the means to obtain happiness, that you would, if you could, coax angels from the skies to rob them of the jewels in their diadems. I have not the least doubt of it.

My dear friends: I will tell you how to enjoy as much bliss as heaven can afford to humans. Be contented with what you have, no matter how poor it is, till you have an opportunity to get something better. Be thankful for every crumb that falls from the table of Providence, and live in the constant expectation of having the luck to pitch upon a whole loaf. Have patience to put up with present troubles, and console yourselves with the idea that your situations are paradeses compared with some others. When you have enough to eat to satisfy hunger—enough to drink to quench thirst—enough to wear to keep you decent and comfortable—just enough of what is vulgarly called “tin” to procure you a few luxuries: when you owe no one, and no one owes you, not even a grudge—then, if you are not happy, all the gold in the universe can never make you so. A man, much wiser than I, once said: Give me neither poverty nor riches; and I look upon him as the greatest philosopher that the world ever produced. All he wanted was CONTENT, sufficient bread and cheese, and a clean shirt. Take a pattern after him, ye discontented mortals who vainly imagine that bliss alone is to be found in the palaces of wealth and opulence.

My hearers: if you consider all creation too poor to afford you a peanyworth of pure blessedness, you must pray to become reconciled with its poverty. Grease your prayers with faith, and send them up in earnestness, hot from the soul's oven. This manufacturing cold petitions with the lips, while the heart continually cries gammon, is no more use than talking Choctaw to a Chinaman. Heaven understands no such gibberish; it only knows the pure, simple language of the spirit—the soul's vernacular. So, when you pray, do it in as simple a manner as possible, but with red-hot

earnestness, and your souls will find rest wherever you are—whether nibbling at a crust in poverty-hollow, or half-starving in California while endeavouring to transmogrify a bag of gold-dust into an Indian-pudding. So mote it be!

ON SNUFFING.

TEXT.—Knows he that never took a pinch,
 Nosey, the pleasure thence that flows?
 Knows he the titillating joy
 Which MY nose knows!
 O Nose, I am as proud of thee
 As any mountain of IRR snows:
 I gaze on thee, and feel the joy
 A ROMAN KNOWS!

MY HARRIES : I have, as you all well know, denounced that "vile weed," tobacco, because its indulgence is so apt to lead to disgusting excesses. Yet there is nothing in its nature baneful to health, if used, and not abused ; but, on the contrary, it rather conduces to longevity ; for if some one will only take the pains to ascertain the fact, it will be found that the majority of those who live to remarkable ages have been notorious, if not inveterate, partakers of the weed, in some shape or other—pipe-smoking in their good old days, especially. True, tobacco contains poison : so does a potato, in a very great degree ; but who is foolish enough to say that potatoes shall be dispossessed of the privilege of being loved and eaten on that account? No one, of course. Remember ye, my friends, that a certain portion of poison is a necessary ingredient of the food that you eat, of the air that you breathe—and perhaps, I may say, of every pleasure in which you are prone to iudulge. In this funny world, there is a mysterious blending of good and evil—of right and wrong, and of the purifying and the poisonous, which, taken in proper combined state, is "all for the best." At any rate, no more harm can be feared therefrom than from the commingling of the deadly, the innocuous, and the exhilarating gases, of which our purest atmosphere is composed.

My friends : what I have particularly to say about tobacco is this : The use of it is agreeable to yourselves, but RAYTHEB offensive to others. If you chew, or CHAW, (or in any language you CHOOSE,) you must salivate, in a greater or less degree ; and who can endure an excess of ptyalism, even in a kitchen? Spitting is one of the most contemptible habits that ever hooked itself upon humanity. I say CONTEMPTIBLE, for what can possibly be a stronger exhibition of contempt than a squirt of saliva towards your most respected person? Now, for my part, I would about as lief a body should spit UPON me as AT me ; and he might as soon eject his juice in my face as upon my boots ; for, know ye, that my boots have a certain amount of respect for themselves, as well as my fizzeog. And now, to give you my sincere belief: no man can be admitted into the principal parlour

of heaven who, per force of habit, spits as he goes, and might accidentally spit upon the vestal drapery of an angel.

My hearers: I have no doubt that much pleasure is derived from "snuffing;" but my nose knows it not. The titillation occasioned by a pinch cannot be otherwise than agreeable; and then the sneeze—if you are so fortunate as to be favoured with one, is not that delightful? What pleasure can be enjoyed this side of heaven to exceed a powerful sneeze? But the worst of it is, if you become addicted to tickling the nostrils with powdered tobacco, the nose gets obstinate, and refuses to sneeze. What is the consequence? You persevere in goading this poor innocent member, all to no purpose. Sneeze he wont, and sneeze you can't make him. And then how horribly it affects your speech? Instead of distinctly saying SHILLING, you merely utter SHIL'N, and for plain English PUDDING, you can only get something out that sounds like PUD'N.

Now, my friends, if you are determined to use tobacco in any way, manner, or shape, do it, as everything else should be done, in moderation, or DON'T YOU DO IT AT ALL. So mote it be!

ON STARVING LOVE TO FEED PRIDE.

TEXT.—To such a place remove our camp
As will no siege abide:
I hate a fool who starves her love
Only to feed her pride.

MY HEARERS: Every one of us, in this unsatisfactory sphere, seems to entertain a fault-finding wonder as to "why Heaven has made us as we are?" The only answer to this is, Heaven, has made us as we are, for the good reason that we couldn't have been put into a better shape to afford scope for our mental and physical faculties. Yet thousands and thousands there are who find fault with themselves, or rather with the One who devised, planned, and put them together. They are not satisfied with being THEMSELVES, but they must be SOMEBODY ELSE; still—strange as the anomaly may appear—no one seems really willing to swap himself for the best live mortal upon earth. Ask one of the juvenile feminine gender whether she had rather be a boy than a girl, she will answer, "I'D RATHER BE A GAL." And vice versa with the other sex. Still, all we frail mortals are more or less inclined to assume airs—to affect to be what we are not. Our vanity must be clothed in gorgeous and costly array, and our pride must be pampered, at the expense of sober judgment.

My dear friends: I'd just as lief say it as not, and I will say it, if I get my ears boxed and my hair pulled, that women are more artificial and affected than men. Well, it is all right, I suppose, that they should be. They don't do the courting, and are not

allowed the liberty of making the first advances ; consequently they must contrive to attract. I never could see, though, how any great capital could ever be made out of the ridiculous enormities of Fashion. Some young ladies not only starve their love to feed their pride, but they must also starve and torture their poor bodies out of all rhyme and reason. Some wont taste of coffee, lest it should be the means of accumulating too much adipose about the ribs, and making them measure an inch more than is desirable round the waists. They use no butter, for fear of a pimple upon their pretty noses ; nor partake of a particle of meat, under a horrid apprehension of incurring a muddy complexion. But mark the consequence : they soon become weakly, nervous, fidgety and old-maidish—their skins get as yellow as a cucumber gone to seed—their eyes have no more lustre than blue beans in a withered pod—and their whole systems get so shattered at last, that they will hardly stand the shock of a severe compliment. What then must they do ? Why, endeavour to make up, by artificial means, for what Nature could have done (and a great deal better) had she been allowed her own way. They take physic to prop up their broken constitutions, and apply paints, washes, chalks, and cosmetics, to recover their pristine bloom and youthful beauty. Young bachelors ! don't have anything to do with one of these. They are counterfeit goods—spurious articles ; and, after you have had them upon your hands for awhile, you will come to the conclusion that you have "seen the elephant," to your sorrow.

My hearers : once in a while you come across one " who starves her love to feed her pride ;" but what that pride is, it is difficult to tell. It varies under different circumstances. She wont mention her love, nor open the doors of her heart to allow it the liberty to come out and soar upon butterfly wings through the bland atmosphere of frankness and freedom. No ! she lets concealment, like a worm in an apple-core, feed upon her damaged cheek. And all this through pride, vanity, foolishness, or something of the sort ! Pshaw ! all you girls who want husbands, and can't get on without 'em, speak out, and don't be afraid. You will thus get them quicker, and better ones, too, than by pursuing any vanity-feeding, pride-pampering, or make-believe-bashful course. Go ahead—make known your wants—publish your preferences—and you shall each be rewarded with a husband who says his prayers daily, chews tobacco, looks after his household, and takes delight in being considered a domestic animal. So mote it be !

SEVEN YEARS.

TEXT.—Seven years in childhood's sport and play,
Seven years in school from day to day,
Seven years at trade or college life,
Seven years to find a place and wife,
Seven years to pleasure's follies given,
Seven years by business hardly driven,
Seven years for fame, a wild goose chase,
Seven years for wealth, a bootless race,
Seven years for hoarding for your heir,
Seven years in weakness spent in care,
Then die, and go—you know not where.

MY HEARERS: SEVEN, as you all know, is a magic number; at any rate, it has more to do with remarkable events, wars, epochs, incidents, historical facts, and modern occurrences, than any other number in Daboll's arithmetic. Strange, isn't it, how "matters and things" go by sevens? In reading of the olden times, we notice the "seven wonders of the world"—"seven sleepers"—"seven devils"—"seven days of famine, and seven days of plenty"—"seven candlesticks"—"seven seals"—"seven heavens"—the seven of the clean beasts that Noah took in out of the rain—the seven—but, without travelling into the mud and mire of the past, let us take a squint at the sevens observable at the present day. We have the seven days of the week—the seven stars (minus the one that strayed away and got lost when it was a stripling)—the seven bristles that constitute the whiskers of a cat—and the seven buttons that I always wear upon my waistcoat. But I must keep in sight of my text.

"Seven years in childhood's sport and play." Short as they really are, these seven years seem the longest of any in life. The distance from the first of January to the latter extremity of December appears to the child that has never had its head scorched by over half a dozen summers, immeasurably great—almost like a little for ever; but talk to it of SEVEN years, and its conception of time grows dusky, and experiences a sunset at once. I recollect that when I was a little spindle-shanked brat, not old enough to understand and manage the machinery of a pair of breeches, a week seemed to be a dog's age—a month a small everlasting, and a year an immense detached portion of eternity. I thought that forty years would be as long as I ought, or should want, to live; for if ever I were to get tired travelling on the old turnpike to the City of the Dead, it would be then. Forty long, long years! Patience, you are made of good timber, thought I. Yet I was as happy as the years were long. Yes, brethren, I never cared how time passed, so long as he didn't knock me down and ride over me. Flowers bloomed for me all winter—if not in the meadows and by the road-side, they flourished in the region of my heart, like pussley about a pig-pen. Though the day were ever so cloudy, a streak of sunshine constantly illu-

mined my interior. Though the weather were heavy as lead, my ~~—~~ spirits were as light as feathers. In short, there was a little fountain of joy within me that never ceased flowing, except when I stubbed my toes, got my cars pulled, or was denied a lump of sugar; and then it stopped only for a moment: it immediately began spouting again, as beautiful, joyous, and merry as ever. Such was my childhood, my friends, and similar was yours.

"Seven years in school from day to day." That's about the time required to use up the spelling-book, get the mastery of the monosyllables and the polysyllables—take liberties with the grammar—correct the geography and subdue the arithmetic. This period, though uninfested with gnattish anxieties, is rather dull and monotonous: there is too much of a sameness about it, as the dog said of churning. It is get up in the morning, take your dinner-basket, and trudge to where the ointment of knowledge is rubbed upon all alike (and sometimes well birched in) with an impartial hand—go through the same old tune of yesterday, of spelling, reading, and writing; disturbing nouns, verbs, and adverbs, and causing figures to lie that have never lied before; then bolt your bread-and-butter and red apple at noon, and hasten to wear out your shoes and the largest portion of your pantaloons by sliding on the ice—go in for the afternoon—same cold intellectual soup as in the morning—trot home towards evening with a noddle half filled with the chips and fragments of learning, and a stomach emptier than the bladder of conceit. Then, day after day, you perform the identical cider-mill circuit, with little to give variety, save an occasional truanting, purchased at the expense of an uncharitable flagellation. If our schoolboy days, my brethren, are milk-and-waterish from their sameness, they lay the foundation for an appetite to relish more solid mental food in after years. They open our eyes, that we may see to go safely through a world of sin, temptation, deceit, dishonesty, and corruption, barely whitewashed with pretended piety; and, furthermore, they enable us to get money without back-breaking, and to cheat as sleekly, smoothly, and successfully, as the smartest of our neighbours.

"Seven years at trade or college life." This epoch takes the boy to twenty-one—the empire of manhood. He has whittled his bench to a skeleton in the school-house, served his apprenticeship, and is now his own lord and master—he is to begin the world for himself. He disdains to be called a boy, and lacks the boldness to look upon himself as a man. He is in a "transition state," like the pin-feathered gosling just stepping upon the threshold of goosehood. He exerts every effort to persuade a little hair to garnish his cheek and chin—applies oil, raw egg, potato poultices, and good Peter only knows what else, for the promotion of a respectable growth. When he gets it, then he is a man to a live certainty, and must begin to look about "to find A PLACE AND A WIFE." It is easier for him to get possession of a wife than a place; yet he might hunt and smell about for more than seven years, and catch a Tartarean after all. A good wife is a great comfort—a heavenly blessing—a first-

rate affair; but a poor one is a source of greater uneasiness than were a shirt made of hemp and brier bushes. A wife should have mildness in her eyes, smiles upon her lips, and a heart full of love and tenderness. She should have a temper as smooth as the skin upon her face—a natural inclination for neatness, order, and arrangement in her household affairs—an instinct for brushing cobwebs out of the corners of the kitchen, and chasing spiders to perdition. She should delight in darning stockings, sewing on buttons where they are wanted, and possess a passion for patching dilapidated pantaloons. In short, she should ever make it her study how she can best please her "old man"—not forgetting herself, of course. I will take it for granted that she is good-looking; for who ever saw a wife with prettiness in her nature that didn't show a portion of it in her features? Such a one is worth serving seven years for—as they did in the days of Isaac and Abraham—if she is worth setting up with for a single night.

Then, my friends, there are "seven years to pleasure's follies given"—from twenty-eight to thirty-five; that is just about enough of time's small change to spend for fun, frolic, and careless enjoyment. Then, or never, man makes up his mind to drive his business, or let his business drive him. If he is not in a fair way at forty-two to get his share of the world's spoils, he might as well hang up his fiddle, and be content to dig his way through life as best he may.

The "seven years for fame" are encouraging, discouraging, perplexing, pleasing, tormenting, teasing, and disappointing—a regular wild goose chase. The pursuer thinks every moment he is about to catch the bird, and so keeps on thinking till he tires himself out, and lies down to rest beneath the blanket of obscurity.

My hearers: after the following seven years for increasing whatever wealth may be yours—after the next seven for hoarding it carefully up for the encouragement of vice and laziness in your progeny—after the next seven years spent in weakness, whimsicalness, childishness, and care, you toddle out of the world, and go—nobody knows where, only those who have gone before you. It must be an extensive place, to hold the billions that have already proceeded thither, the millions that are daily taking their departure, and the billions that are yet to go. But we shall all know something about it when Time shall have given a few flaps more with his already wearied wings; so let us prepare our lamps of hope and faith, to guide us through the darkness that envelops the deep valley of death. So mote it be!

LIFE'S NARROW BOUNDS.

TEXT.—Short bounds of life are set to mortal man.

MY HEARERS: The term **SHORT**, as applied to human life, is limited to no precise latitude. Life is short at the longest: if we were to average a thousand years each in this perishing sphere, instead of thirty or forty, as is now the case, we should then consider life as short as a morning snooze—and, probably, not half so sweet. So life is most miserably short, when placed in juxtaposition with eternity—shorter than a rabbit's tail compared with the alvine extremity of a sea-serpent. When I think of the briefness of existence, it puts me in mind of the shortest day in winter: man hardly gets up in the morning, puts on his breeches, washes his face, combs his hair, takes a look in the glass, and turns around, before it is time to go to bed again. So Infancy scarcely casts its clouts, ere it finds itself arrayed in the proud attire of manhood, soon to assume the sober vestments of age, and quickly to don the pale habiliments of the grave.

My friends: most folks are overtaken and seized by Death; others rashly and foolishly fling themselves into the jaws of Death; while others run away, abscond, absquatulate from Life, as though it were a hard task-master. Those who are overtaken and seized by Death are entitled to the honour of doing their best to avoid so fatal a calamity: those who bravely, but inconsiderately, rush within the reach of the Grim Monster, I look upon as being half-heroic and half-foolish; and those who run away from Life—commit suicide—I consider as consummate cowards. So awfully afraid are they of existence, that—like a man in the fifth story of a building encompassed by fire—they throw themselves out of the world's window, and down they go “all smash” upon the pavement of perdition. This taking a sudden jump into eternity, like a frog into a mud-puddle, is doing business with too much of a jerk to suit my superannuated ideas of life, death, and immortality. **LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE; BUT LIVE TO LENGTHEN LIFE**, is my motto. Adopt it as your own—plaster it upon your hearts—solder it fast to your sentiments—putty it to your principles—and, like the old oaks of the mountain, your trunks may become sapless with age, but your leaves of life will still be green.

My hearers: the bounds set to the life of mortal man are truly short—about the same as those set for elephants, turtles, and geese: nevertheless, we may well tickle ourselves with the idea that we outlive the major part of animation. There is an insect that is born and fulfils its destiny in the brief space of a single hour. [What an existence for anything possessed of vitality, and susceptible of pain and pleasure!] Crows live ten years; rabbits, ten; dogs, in the country, reach fifteen or twenty; but, in cities, they are made into

sausages ere they arrive at seven ; and cats, with their nine lives—reckoning seven years to an existence—can't brag much over man concerning their remarkable longevity. But our days have latterly been reduced to a very narrow space, for some providential reason or other, which it wouldn't appear modest in me to inquire into at present. I suppose, however, that if we were allowed to live longer than we do, there wouldn't be room for other folks to live. "Come up to the bar, take a drink, fall back and make room for the rest," seems to me to be the grand regulations, relative to life, as well as to taking toddy.

My dear friends: what is life? It is the twin brother of Nothing—a shade of a shadow—an empty dream—a mere name. We persuade ourselves that we live, and are satisfied; but to whom shall it be left to say that we are not labouring under a mighty delusion? No matter—"Vot's the hodd's, so long as we are 'appy!" as the Cockney would say. That's it—so long as we can enjoy ourselves, it is all right. We must eat, drink, make love, and be merry; and if, in the end, we find that life has been short, we can console ourselves with the idea that its sweetness has more than equalled its brevity. So mote it be!

FALSE COURAGE.

TEXT.—O, how courageous, valiant men!
How chicken-hearted, too!
You'd fight a giant—yet you dare
Not truth and right pursue.

MY HEARERS: I don't know why it is, but you don't often find the flowers of both physical and moral courage flourishing upon the same bush of humanity. Now, you are ready and anxious to go into a bloody war, with all the grit and greediness of a bulldog, because it is a popular one; but did the dear people proclaim against it, you would set Right, Wrong, Justice, and Equity aside, and keep on digging your potatoes in peace, with an imaginary prospect of glory to come. You talk about having the pluck to pitch into a panther! Why, you haven't courage enough to cast an insinuation at a mosquito. You are wanting in the very rudiments of courage. In nine times out of ten, you lack the courage to tell a simple truth; so you sneak round the corners, and hide yourselves under the fence of falsehood. What is your courage?

You haven't the courage to take a tiger by the teeth, when you know that precaution, in such a case, is "the better part of valour."

You are wanting in courage when you flee from the goddess of Truth, and seek for protection beneath the folds of Self-interest.

You dare not pursue the right path when the wrong is considered the most popular one.

You dare not bid defiance to the Devil, and cut your way single-handed to God and everlasting glory.

You don't possess the courage to treat with considerate contempt a challenge to fight a duel. No, you are frightened into a fight: if you fall, the earth hides you, and the fragrance of your virtues is wafted away for ever upon the winds of forgetfulness: if you live, you live to rue the hour that you engaged in the deed.

You haven't the courage to oppose Fashion in her freaks and follies. You may whine at them for awhile; but, eventually, you yield by inches, and, finally, are found kissing her heel.

You haven't the courage, half of you, who call yourselves BOYS MATURED, to pop the question at once, and bring to TERMS a fond, affectionate, loving FOR, who is an enemy to your single enjoyments, and arrays herself in hostile attitude against your bacheloric blisses.

• You haven't the courage to stay away from a fashionable church, and pray in your own closets.

You haven't the courage to face a man in the street to whom you owe a few dollars, and say to him blandly, "My dear friend, I believe you have a lock of my hair; and I trust you will keep it, for old acquaintance' sake, till fortune favours me with sufficient PEWTER to pay you off according to your deserts."

My dear friends: I give a very short sermon this morning, but in it are contained seeds which, if properly planted, will produce an hundred-fold—relating to your happiness here, and your hopes of an hereafter. So mote it be!

PLAIN PREACHING.

TEXT.—On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk,
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk:
For man may pious texts repeat,
And yet religion have no inward seat.

MY HEARERS: I suppose you have found out, by this time, that I never meddle much with the Bible in my homespun discourses—never poach upon the possession of gospel preachers; but, upon my own hook, perfectly free and independent, giving the truth, the whole truth, and sometimes (to be liberal) more than the truth—uninfluenced by favour, unswayed by motive, and undeterred by fear. This is the way I do—I, myself, Dow, Jr., P.P., Patent Preacher, and F.R.S., First Rate Sermonizer. I never lard with scripture my plain, familiar talk; because I don't think myself qualified to the task of explaining the hidden meanings contained in the book of mysteries. While others "holler" upon religion, I hammer upon morality—and I do believe that, take it in and out, altogether, and every way, morality operates more beneficially upon society than religion. Because why—about half the religion, now-a-days, is as impure as the water of a goose-pond—a counterfeit mess of stuff, unfit for the redemption of a Bedouin Arab: whereas, morality is more palpable, and admits of no disguise. It is plain,

unassuming, and unchanging—the saltpetre that saves a man's reputation, and the brine in which his earthly happiness is pickled.

My friends: in my sermons, I, most generally, mean what I say. I tell you to live virtuously, because I believe you will be the happier for it; to live honestly, and you will get through the world smoothly; live prudently, and you will be prepared for all the little unexpectancies of life, that seem to rise from the ground, like moths and millers in the dusk of evening; live temperately, and probably neither Death nor the Devil will catch you napping at the half-way house upon the high road of existence.

My hearers: endeavour to be contented with your situations till the time arrives for bettering them. Uneasiness wastes the body and undermines the health; and the soul may easily fret itself out of house and home.

If you were all to govern yourselves, the world would need but little governing. But man is a hog, anyhow—he will neither be coaxed nor driven, and yet he wants somebody to look after him. Yes, and woman is a hogess.

Learn to bear disappointments cheerfully. What has happened can't be altered; a bad-fitting coat may be, however—ay, the coat may be altered, but the FACT of the tailor having made a mistake can never be helped.

Try hard to promote the happiness of others.

If you succeed, your own happiness will be put up several notches. It always gives me pleasure to see even a dog tickled.

Have a sacred regard for truth and honesty; a fond regard for each other; a generous regard for the different principles and opinions of mankind; and a particular regard for the fair sex. Live as you ought to live, and take good care not to die "as the fool dieth." So mote it be!

The lady who sent me the billet-doux commencing with "What is that thing we call a kiss?" &c., is solicited to send me another equally as rich.

THE THREAD OF NATURE.

TEXT.—My thread is small, my thread is fine;
 But he must be
 A stronger than thee
 Who can break this thread of mine.

MY HEARERS: The thread of mystery is a fine one indeed; and yet it is so strong that neither a Hercules in sinew nor a giant in wisdom can snap it. There are thousands and thousands of mysterious cobwebs clustering about the dark corners of this world, which seem as if they might be as easily brushed away as the spider-nets of a night; but when you give them a brush with the broom of philosophy, they are still THERE.

My hearers: the thread of Nature is very delicately drawn, but none can rend it in twain, nor rub off a particle of the mysterious

furze that encompasses it. Why a young duck, as soon as it shakes its shell from its hindermost, should take to the water, is a mystery. How new-born babes should know enough to draw at the lactescent fountain, and how the milk should happen there exactly in time to meet the demand, is a mystery. How tadpoles (incipient frogs) contrive to get rid of their tails, what becomes of their discarded extremities, and how their little pin-punctured mouths longitudinate to such awful capaciousness as they exhibit in after years, is a mystery. Why women naturally prefer the company of men, and men that of women, is a mystery. Why the tendrils of the hop-vine curl to the left, and why ladies, in walking, look over the left shoulder to examine a dress behind them, is a mystery. How the invisible filaments of the moon fasten thunderbolts upon, and drag about the waters of the wondrous deep; what power causes the magnetic needle to point, like a finger, to the pole; and why humans, with all their wisdom and intelligence, should have bestial propensities, is all a mystery.

My dear friends: the thread of Nature is somewhat tangled, as well as strong; and the more you pick at it, the tighter the knots appear to become drawn. You can neither unravel nor snap it, nor make it different from what it is, any more than you can alter the rays of the everlasting sun, or tarnish the eternal lustre of truth. Society may assume an outward artificial aspect: and yet Nature must and will take its course. Your teeth were made to masticate both vegetable and animal food; and Nature never will allow more than a few notionalists to live upon "greens" entirely. Let Shakers, monks, hermits, old maids, and bachelors, say what they may, it is your DUTY to get married, and thereby accomplish one of the most important ends for which you were sent into the world. Eat when you are hungry—drink when you are dry—sleep when you are sleepy—rest when you are weary—sing when you are merry—out with the truth before it can have time to turn to a lie—and kiss whenever you can. In short, follow the simple dictates of Nature in everything, and you will find far more happiness, and meet with fewer ills and difficulties, than by arraying yourselves in opposition to her ways—which are not to be barked at. So mote it be!

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

TEXT.—E'en guides may sometimes miss their way,
 Deceived by sore mischances;
 And righteous men be led astray
 By change of circumstances.
 The truest balance sometimes falls,
 E'en when 'tis best adjusted,
 And strong temptation may prevail
 'Gainst those whom most we've trusted.

MY HEARRERS: The best miss it, sometimes—I know I do myself. Practising at pistol-shooting the other day, at my friend's, Mr. Ottignon, I had the heart to endeavour to hit the heart of one whom they call a "man;" but I missed it. Trying again, however, I had the fortune to effect my cruel purpose; and yet, moreover, whereas, nevertheless, as he hadn't the courtesy to fall, I looked upon him as "no gentleman," but a "HARD character," and one with whom neither words nor dealings were of any avail. With all my self-reliance and natural confidence, I not only missed my way for once, but got hold of the wrong customer entirely. I can "teach the young idea HOW to SHOOT," a good deal better than I can do the shooting for it. If it only does as I say, it will do well enough; but if it always does as I do, the mark will sometimes be missed. Even guides may sometimes miss their way, rightly says my text. If you expect me, or any other poor but honest preacher, to guide you along a dark and dubious world like this without getting into an occasional moral mudhole, you put your expectations where they will be likely to get damaged. We can't always go right, if we would; and, if we could, I doubt whether a hundredth of us would—for it is human to err and go astray. So then man's nature must be changed before he can follow strictly the path of propriety, without deviating to the right or to the left. When he shall have instinct instead of reason for his guide, he will walk straight—but not until then.

My friends: that virtuous men may be led astray by change of circumstances is a melancholy fact. When a man becomes poor, and gets hard up, with big owl-eyed starvation staring at him from a short distance, he will turn off and go devilward, in spite of all pious pushings to the contrary. Righteousness and roast beef are luxuries that he can't afford; and so he serves Satan for something to season and make palatable the cold porridge of poverty. There is no knowing, my friends, what we might do if our circumstances were unfortunately to change. Destitution will sin for a sixpence, and Hunger and Thirst will keep themselves where they can get a chance, without regard to right or wrong.

My friends: attempt to go as straight as you will, you are all certain, at times, to step off the moral track. Even pastors and bishops do things that heaven don't like to look at; and there is no one living in this little round world but whose soul is more or less

bespotted with petty sins and insignificant iniquities. The truest balance may fail, no matter how well it be adjusted; and a few intoxicating drops may sometimes find their way accidentally into the soda of temperance. Some temptations are strong—very strong. If they can't draw an omnibus half a mile, they are strong enough to snap the stoutest halter of resolution ever twisted by the human will. Oh, it is most amazing hard to resist some of the temptations that beset us as we journey through life! If the spirit wrestle with them, there is danger of its getting the worst of it. But I would have you, my friends, give them a try in all cases; for there is no telling what MIGHT be done, since Samson slew the Philistines. So mote it be!

RATING, DRINKING, AND THINKING.

TEXT.—If a man would be dry, let him drink, drink, drink,
 If a man would be wise, let him think, think, think,
 If a man would be rich, he must work, work, work,
 If he would be fat, eat pork, pork, pork.

BUT IF,

A man with ease would study, he must eat, eat, eat,
 But little at dinner, of his meat, meat, meat;
 And a youth, to be distinguished in his art, art, art,
 Must keep the girls away from his heart, heart, heart.

MY HEARERS: To keep continually dry, always wear an oilcloth dress, carry a good umbrella, and practise rum-drinking. The first two articles, however, are only essential in protecting the outside from superabundant moisture; but the latter keeps the inside as dry as a stove-pipe. I never knew a drinker but was eternally dry—dry in all kinds of weather. He goes to bed dry, gets up dry, and keeps himself dry through the day. It's not to be wondered at; for how can he be otherwise than dry, when he keeps the blue blazes of hell constantly burning in his bosom, by pouring double-distilled damnation down his throat? In fact, my brethren, the drunkard is for ever dry. The more he drinks the drier he grows; on his death-bed he calls for "one more drink for the last," and then goes out of the world as thirsty as though he had lived upon salt codfish all the days of his life.

My friends: if you would be wise, you must think, think, think. It's a matter of doubt to me whether flighty fools or intelligent dogs do the most thinking. You, perhaps, think you think as much as the greatest of philosophers; but the deuce of it is, what do you think about, and what does it amount to? The gems of wisdom lie deeply buried, and they can be obtained only by great mental toil. You must dig for them, like a dog for a woodchuck, or you don't get them.

My hearers: if you would be rich you must work—work like new cider. Idleness eats big holes through one's coat, jacket, and trousers, and never provides means to mend them. You must work your way to wealth, or you'll never get it. By bodily and brainly

exertion, remove every obstacle that Doubt and Fear have implanted in your paths—blast, if necessary, the rock of salvation—and you will acquire riches; but look out that you do not bring a plague upon your peace, and lose your own soul at last.

My dear friends: if you would be fat, eat pork and every other kind of adipose matter; and you will get as fat as a hog, and twice as stupid. I have nothing further to say upon this point.

But if, my hearers, you would study with ease, and have the mind as active as a squirrel in a cage, you must be careful not to weary the stomach with an overload of meat and vegetables. The brains and the belly are near neighbours—chum companions. They are so identified, that whatever affects the one is sure to move the other. Fancy wont stay about the premises while a cart-load of roast beef and plum pudding is undergoing the process of digestion: and Imagination takes wing to get out of smelling distance of the disgusting mass. To think clearly, you must eat little and stir your stumps.

My young he friends: if you would make much headway in the world, and arrive at any degree of proficiency in your undertakings, you must keep the girls away from your heart. They are troublesome insects, we all know; but you mustn't let them bother you when business demands your undivided attention. Better marry them at once—commit matrimonial suicide—than allow them to plague you for a moment. So mote it be!

ON ATTRACTION.

TEXT.—Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
Its influence is everywhere,
In water, air, and land.
It operates on everything—
The sea, the tide, the weather;
It brings the sexes close, smack up,
And binds them fast together.

MY HEARERS: Attraction is a mysterious principle in nature—whereby one particle or substance is drawn to, or directed towards another. It bears upon the immaterial as well as the material—upon mind as well as matter—and where or how it obtains its power is yet an unsolved problem in the science of prosleology. The magnetic needle naturally points to the north star, when not swayed by some more immediate influence; and so our thoughts—when un-hatched from the heavy cars of care and business, or detached from the lighter vehicles of earthly pleasure—are naturally attracted to a higher world than this.

At night, especially, the imagination is called away, to gambol in the golden sunlight, and gather the unfading flowers of the spirit-land. When the shades of evening darken about us, our dormant fancies begin to rise, like white-winged moths from the meadows,

and revel in the starry realms of ideality. They betake themselves upward, as naturally as chickens fly up to roost. Repulsed by the gloom and melancholy that settle upon all things below, and attracted by the cheerfulness of the prospect above, they quit the dull earth, and speed to those silvery isles of the blest that gem the dark blue ocean of heaven—there to transplant a few of the mundane roses of hope, that shall bloom with immortal freshness and beauty, when the young flowers of the heart have all faded, and the blossoms of joy are fast dropping from the fair garland of life. This is all the consequence of attraction, my friends. When Aurora hoists the flood-gates of the morn, and inundates half the world with a deluge of glory, attraction confines our thoughts to the earth; for then terrestrial objects wear such a serene and lovely look, and our spirits are so lively and buoyant, that we feel as if we should like to stay here for ever, and dance an annual jig with old father Time, in commemoration of his happy marriage with Eternity.

My friends: you can see the effects of attraction everywhere. Children, like vegetables, are attracted upward in growth by the sun, rain, and atmosphere, till they arrive at maturity; then the earth exerts a counter attraction, and they gradually bow down to the dust, till finally they sink into it, and disappear for ever. The drunkard, while reeling homeward from the doggery, is attracted by both sides of the street, which accounts for his diagonal movements; and the hope of a comfortable snooze in his own domicile ahead attracts him onward. One particular side of that fashionable thoroughfare to ruin called Broadway, possesses positive attraction, as any one may see; and that house, in which dwells an adorable and adored young damsel, contains attraction enough to draw a beau of two hundred pounds weight, half a mile out of the direct way from his boarding-house to the counting-room. There is a mysterious, mutual attraction between the sexes that my philosophy can't unravel. They seem bound to approximate by a law of nature; and human law is no more of a barrier in their way than a brush fence is to a mad bull in fly-time, or a mud-puddle to the progress of gospel truth. You might place, my friends, a lot of girls in one part of the labyrinths of Egypt, and a parcel of fellows in another, with the most mazy and difficult windings between—blindfold and mouth-gag them all and leave them to themselves—and my word for it, you would find them all in a heap in less than twenty minutes! Such is the marvellous power of attraction. It operates, as my text says, upon everything—the sea, the tides, the weather; but more palpable are its workings upon the he's and she's of humanity. They will get together, as naturally as seeds of allspice floating in a barrel of hot rum. His influence upon a couple of lovers is at first gradual and almost imperceptible; but watch them, and you will find that they keep nearing each other by hitches, with increased warmth and velocity, till, at length, they are brought "smack up" at the altar of Hymen, and fastened together for life—close-riveted, *double-peged*, and back-stitched—so firmly adhered to one another,

that no mortal hath power to rip them asunder. Then, as they twain are one flesh, the husband has a perfect right to flog his wife as an atonement for his own sins, and she the privilege of pulling his hair for whatever errors she may commit. Surely, the married are favoured with liberties and comforts which the unwedded never can enjoy!

Now, my dear friends, I want you to let those things influence you the most that are the most attractive in themselves; those are virtue, love, benevolence, morality, justice, and truth. Let these be your objects of admiration through life, and you will lay up large quantities of consolation from the broad platters of peace, amid the trials and tribulations of a vexing world. So mote it be!

ILLS IN MAN'S ESTATE.

TEXT.—Though trouble springs not from the dust,
 Nor sorrow from the ground,
 Yet ills on ills, by heaven's decree,
 In man's estate are found.
 As sparks in close succession rise,
 So man, the child of woe,
 Is doomed to endless care and toils,
 Through all his life below.

MY HEARERS: Trouble, generally speaking, does not spring from the dust; and yet I have known that element to produce it in large quantities. I drive on the Third Avenue of a dry afternoon, with a slow horse and a *FAST* woman, which will attest the fact—for to be covered with dust and indignity produces feelings that cause the ants of trouble to crawl about the heart in a most industrious manner. To carry superfluous dust upon your shoes into a parlour causes trouble to the lady of the house—and kicking up a dust at a political caucus creates troubles enough to dim the fair prospect of an election. Mosquitoes, fleas, and bedbugs are troubles that try both the flesh and the spirit, which, if they don't spring from the dust, are generated by mud and filth, its first cousins. So you perceive, my friends, that troubles, despite the text, do sometimes originate from dust; and, since it is our lot to be disturbed by them, we must endeavour to bear them with as good a face as possible—ay, as philosophers while submitting to a tooth-pulling operation.

My hearers: Sorrow also arises from the ground: the tares in our wheat-fields cause sorrow to many—the miasmas bred by swamps are sources of sickness and sorrow to more—and the sorrows that came from the ground upon Egypt of old were a sore trial for thousands. But, my dear hearers, these are nothing to the ills sprinkled upon us from the hand of heaven. These fall so thickly around us, that to attempt to escape them were like dodging between the rain-drops of a summer shower. When I think of the

multiplied, multifarious, and multitudinous ills that lie in wait for us all, I can't help wondering how so many as there are do contrive to reach the summit of life's hill, comparatively unscratched. Headaches, corn-aches, tooth-aches, bel-stomach-aches, sores, wounds, bruises, gout, rheumatism, cramps, spasms, convulsions, wens, corns, cancers, consumption, a choice variety of fevers, and hosts of other bodily complaints, render the road of existence a rough one at the best. Then inwardly we have care, that pricks the bosom with its porcupine quills—grief, that soaks and dissolves India-rubber—sorrow, that flings deep and gloomy shadows along the once bright vista of memory—disappointment, that embitters the sweet cup of anticipation—doubt, that keeps the mind in a fog, and plucks many a feather from the wings of Hope—and despair, that wraps the soul in midnight darkness, thick enough to work at with a pick-axe and spade.

Such, my friends, are a few of the ills that abound in man's estate. They spring up around him as sparks in close succession rise; and no sooner is one extinguished than another makes itself distinguished. [I was attacked and almost assassinated, last night, by a ferocious bedbug; but, as he was without accessories, I eventually managed to despatch him.] But, as I have said before, and to speak superlatively, the best way for us to do is to face them courageously—put up with their petty annoyances, and defend ourselves as well as we can from their fatal stabs. However, since we are born of woman, we must expect that our days will be few and full of trouble: for, by woman's sin came death into the world, with all its preliminary arrangements, and by her transgression, the primitive poison still circulated in the veins of posterity. Since, then, the fountain of humanity was rendered corrupt by the power of the devil and the weakness of woman, we must expect that the whole waters of our lives will be more or less muddy. Physical ills, as well as mental diseases, will attack us in dreadful array, down to the generation that shall bare its bosom to the general judgment. Moral infirmities will continue to increase with the growth of wealth, fashion, and **REFINEMENT**: these will beget bodily ailments; and careful ills will produce an unhealthy action of the mental and intellectual organs. Such a direfully downward progress must certainly, if continued, eventuate in the destruction of all that inhabit the earth. As for me, myself, I give up all for lost; but the saving power of Providence, and what little is left of moral saltpetre, may yet wonderfully effect a salvation—which is ardently to be hoped for, but very little expected. So mote it be!

TAKE MY ADVICE.

TEXT.—I would not have you follow me
Through mud, or on the ice;
But you, with perfect safety, friends,
Can follow my advice.

MY HEARERS: If you were always to tread directly in my footsteps, or in those of the most pious pilgrims upon earth, you would put your feet in more muddy spots, and get more dirt upon your soles than you may at present imagine; and occasionally, too, find yourselves upon places slippery enough to upset a cat, or turn a tortoise upon his back. You have no business, brethren, to trouble yourselves, after I have dismissed you for the Sunday, as to where I go—what I have for dinner, and whether I say grace or something else over it—how I spend the evening, and at what hour I commence courting the goddess Sleep. This is all my concern—not yours; and you have no right to meddle with the matter. I lay down to you the moral law, with all the noise and earnestness of an auctioneer (as you may see by my figure-head), and give you friendly counsel, spiced with good humour, if not sugared with sincerity. Receive or reject—either way, I care no more about it than a rose or a skunk of the perfume it sheds for all.

But listen, my friends, to what I am about to say. Keep out of debt, by prudence and economy; keep out of law, by acting honestly towards one another; keep out of poverty, by sobriety and industry; get out of love as soon as possible, by marrying; and get out of the devil's reach by getting behind my back. He's afraid of me since I last gave him Zachy over upon Wind-whistle Island. It was a pretty tough scratch, though, for you would hardly have known, at one time, which to bet upon—the devil or Dow, Jr.

When you go a-fishing, brethren, in the waters of love, in the hopes of catching something to "help make a meal," prepare yourselves before you start in as take-in a manner as possible. Throw out a pleasing bait of deception, and you are bound to get a bite; and perhaps get bitten—in the end. Beware of ale-wives; they are not so good as they look to be—neither is a "stir-gin"—but get something that you think you could enjoy for ever. Then, when you have entered upon the matrimonial state, your success in the piscatory way will be certain; for, whenever you go out for a shiner, just inform the fond partner of your bosom of the fact, and you are sure to—catch it. That's all about fishing.

Take good care of that jewel of the soul, Reputation. When once dropped into the sea of disgrace, it is lost for ever; and you might as well whistle as to whine about it. I don't know but you who have no reputations to lose are the best off, for then slander has nothing to feed upon, and you can do pretty much as you like,

unscandalized, un-church-mauled, and even unnoticed—excepting, of course, violating the laws of the land and common decency.

Husbands, love your wives: wives, be affectionate to your husbands; boys, love the girls: girls, don't be afraid of the boys; old bachelors, try to get married; old maids, be ye comforted; widows, let me comfort ye.

There are two ways to skin a cat, and two ways to win a heart; two ways to put on a shirt, and two ways to make a shift; two ways to tell a story, and two ways to bestow charity; half a dozen ways to destruction, but only one way to heaven—and that way is as much narrower than Theatre Alley as a sheep-path is narrower than the Third Avenue. I fear some of you, brethren, stand as slim a chance of finding it as a poodle-dog would a fox-track.

It is said that there is "a good time coming," but it has sat down to rest on the road. I am afraid it will get completely fagged out before it reaches us. There has always been "a good time coming" since Eden was an apple-orchard; and it will continue to be coming till it gets here. When that will be, Gracious Goodness and Horace Greeley only know.

Brother: you must not always refuse to believe things that you can't understand; for there are many facts shrouded in mystery. You know there is magnetism between matter and matter, but you don't know the principle of it! so there may be magnetism between mind and mind—between heaven and earth. You can't tell why a he and a she mutually attract each other, like a couple of magnets—why the birds mate—why the flowers are created male and female—and why a mother thinks more of her own ugly brat than of the most beautiful bantling ever borne by another. These are mysterious facts. So mote it be!

NOTICE.—I am requested to state, that besides the grand sacred concert at Castle Garden, this evening, there will be one also at Pinteux's, in Broadway. Best of liquors at sixpence a glass—but little smoking allowed.

Due notice will be given of the next dog-fight in the Bowery.

THE EFFECTS OF PROSPERITY.

TEXT.—The fishermen that walk upon the beach
 Appear like mice; and you tall arching bark
 Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight.

MY HEARERS: As you get up in the world, how everything below appears to diminish in size and significance! Men, that were before much taller in talent and stature, and higher in station than yourselves, suddenly dwindle to pygmies, to whom Tom Thumb were a monstrous giant, and upon whom you look down as so many contemptible mice, capering about without any specific aim or end. Mighty Colossuses you are, bestriding a narrow world,

while we petty men walk under and between your large legs! But your greatness is more than half imaginary—your exalted position an ideal one. Because we look small to you, you take it for granted that you look large to us; nay, that you actually are whales among minnows—eagles among ground-sparrows—that your elevated situations MUST command respect, if not reverence, from such common trash as we, whose praise and favour you reckon as heaps of gold, but whose society you shun as so much poudrette.

My friends: It is remarkable what a boost the sudden possession of a few dollars can give to a chap. He immediately fancies himself raised to about six thousand feet above mankind in general: and not only do fishermen, that walk upon the beach, appear like mice to him, but also statesmen, lawyers, and politicians, that are scrambling up the hill-side of notoriety. There he sits, wrapped in a warm robe of pride, lined with the silk velvet of vanity, and casting frosty frowns upon hard-fisted Honesty. Yet, notwithstanding he feels that at every step he takes his high hand knocks out a star in heaven, he finally comes to the conclusion that he has been treading but air after all; and that he must find his level at last with the paltriest specimens of humanity. Dollars can't save him from Death. But he may suddenly lose his dollars when in the very zenith of his golden glory. Then down he drops, like the stick of a rocket, in darkness, and unnoticed. Oh! he piteously exclaims, then, as did one of old, Why was I raised the master of the world, hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled, till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward, to be trod out by jackasses! Yes, my friends, why was he so raised by the almighty dollar half-way to heaven, to pitch headlong to earth, and lie there all splattered, like a pan of spilt pumpkin-sance? that is the question. Why, it was in order that he might, in his pride, ejaculate: The world knows only two—that's Rome and I—and to convince him that it was possible for "Rome and I" to fall together.

My hearers: because a little unexpected prosperity has enabled you to perform a grasshopper jump, do you imagine that you have soared half a mile above others who have attained a higher eminence without any such galvanic upstartings? No doubt of it: but you are sadly deceived. So a hen, that could reach the top of a church-spire from a ground-squat, might fancy herself a conspicuous somebody in the eyes of the world; but the noble eagle, whose heavenly soars are not the result of any adventitious circumstance, majestically sails aloft, without condescending to consider whether said hen were really an exalted somebody, or merely a miserable self-inflated body. Oh! it breeds vermin in my heart, and my bosom seems to swarm with pismires, to think what ninnies you sometimes make of yourselves! You get a little money, and then go striding and stamping about with your high-heeled boots, as though kings and emperors were but clod-worms beneath your feet! You mount the political rostrum, blow off a quantity of pretended patriotic gas, and you are almost as big a

man as Mr. President of the Union! You smile a few newspaper paragraphs, and you are Sir Oracle of the world!—or you may write a play “most tolerable, and not to be endured” for more than two nights, and you look back upon Shakespeare as an individual of some little talent, and a small speck of genius. O, you bladders of pride and vanity!—why don’t you wear your honours—when you get them—with as much grace and humility as I do. I have, as you all know, the reputation of being the most extraordinary preacher in the world; but the world can’t make me believe it. I eat my crust and drink my beer with the same careless unconcern as when I dug potatoes between Burre and Bicker-town. Were I to be raised to the highest pinnacle of popularity, I should see no pigeons below me—nothing but men and women; and the majority of them more deserving of honour and the public’s sunny favour than my humble self. In short, as I ascend towards the heaven of notoriety, I can’t help thinking—as thought Wesley of yore—and so you all should think as you go up—that “I shall fall, like a bright exhalation in the evening, and no man see me more.” So mote it be!

A ROUGH WORLD: A SAD LIFE.

TEXT.—The world is rough and dreary,
And life is sad and weary.

MY HEARERS: There is no use in talking about getting along smoothly, all the way through this world; for such a thing is impossible for man, monkey, or mouse. The places that seem the smoothest are the slippery; and when you think you are sliding along so very pretty and safe, you may be brought to a horizontal in the twinkling of a bed-post. Whoso standeth, let him take heed lest he fall, and whoso rideth, let him look out (in these revolutionary times) lest he be thrown. That the natural world is rough, we all know. It hath its mountains, hills, swamps, and marshes, and man can’t smooth them, let him do his best or his nastiest; and as for the social world, it is as rough as the back of a hedgehog, unless you can make it smooth by hypocritical polishing, gilding, or silver-washing. But all this went wear—the base metal will show itself almost too prematurely for self-satisfaction. The world we live in is a rough one, anyhow. By its revolutions we are jolted and jostled about, like passengers over a corduroy road in Ohio. Every turn upon its axis knocks men, masters, and things out of their proper places; and I have known even kings to be tumbledd from their thrones, as if by some sudden jerk of Nature.

MY FRIENDS: this world is not only a rough, but a dreary one. It is a vast wilderness, in which we mortals are doomed to wander in doubt, trouble, care, and uncertainty. It is true that busy Fancy brings us many a bouquet of beautiful flowers, and that Imagination

sometimes converts a goose-pasture into a perfect paradise ; but, alas ! how untimely seem to fall the frosts of stern Reality ! In a moment, every ideal blossom is withered—the most promising buds of hope are blighted, and the world is a wild and dreary waste again. Thank God, however, that although we are surrounded by gloomy woods and forbidding forests, we can always look up and catch glimpses of heaven. Yes, brethren, there is a light kept burning above, to cheer our pathway to the tomb—to assist us over the rough and slippery places of earth, and to enable us to see our way clear to the *ferry* between Time and Eternity. When a mortal first sets out upon the journey of existence, he says to himself, that the world must afford him a glorious treat ; but when, tired, careworn, and weary, he lays himself down for a comfortable nap in the grave, he gapes, stretches, sighs, and feebly exclaims, "It is a glorious humbug, after all!" Verily, friends, this orb of ours is a dark, rough, and dreary one ; and if you wont harbour the hope of a better, you may go to Beelzebub in despair—and I will give you a posterior shove to facilitate your progress.

My dear friends : that life is sad and weary may be accounted for by reasons too numerous to enumerate. If you don't have any work to do, you get dull, lazy, peevish, cross, and miserable: if you have merely enough to occupy your time, you think it a terrible drudge—that you are burdened with more than any other jackass can bear ; and, if you happen to find yourselves in easy circumstances, you imagine it *HARD* work to look after them. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," truly remarked my friend the Bard of Ploughshare ; and yet man's inhumanity to himself is the cause of a vast deal more mischief. As brother Beadle says, he wont do nothing, if he can't help it, but bellow for assistance ; and let fortune favour him with millions, still he is as mercenary and miserable as ever. Life, though, to all, is more or less wearisome. Time flaps its leaden wings, like a sea-gull over discontented waters—days crawl away with a snail-like pace, notwithstanding years roll round in rapid succession. Yet there are other matters that make life weary. The thread of love contains many an ugly knot—and as for professed friendship, the less said about it the better. You must all try to make the world as smooth as possible, and render life as easy as circumstances will permit. So mote it be !

“SICH IS LIFE.”

TEXT.—Up hill, down hill,
 Trouble and strife;
 Slide along, dig along,
 “Sich is life!”

MY HEARERS: Savages go through life easily enough, without any hard grunting, sweating, or swearing. They are just about so, at all times—contented, sure to have a living, and, consequently, happy: but we, civilized sons of sin, care, and sorrow, have to fight against our fellow kind for a fo'pence to get us food. We have to twist and turn—make our way among the crowd—stick our elbows into the ribs of others—and, perhaps, knock down a dozen or two, to get decently through the world. *SICH IS LIFE!* Brutes have a living prepared for them—the table of nature is bountifully spread before them, and all they have to do is to eat, drink, sleep, and be satisfied; but man, having brains to contrive, and hands to execute, has to make a living, and not be satisfied at that. He is never satisfied, nor woman either. Give me so much, says he, and I will ask no more; but, when he gets it, his avaricious appetite is as insatiate as ever. You can no more supply to satisfaction the mammoth capaciousness of human desire than you can fill the bottomless pit by the dropping-in of pebble-stones. The future doesn't always deceive us; but the deuce of it is, we are too apt to find fault with the fulfilment of what our most ardent hopes had promised. 'Taint good enough, after all! say we, with a snuff and a snivel: give us something better. And so, at last, we go whining to our graves, exclaiming, *Vanity! vanity!*—all is deception! double-distilled deception! Man's existence is a beautiful humbug! “Sich is life!”

My friends: it is up hill and down hill with us in this ~~re~~-probationary sphere. Every one of us seem to be kicked about as if we were each a foot-ball for the fates. Through a hypocritical courtesy, we don't exactly put the blame upon Providence, but lay it to our own ill-luck, and be d—d to it. “Sich is life!” And yet, when, upon the ebb tide of prosperity, man finds his frail bark cast back into dangerously-troublesome waters, he foolishly imagines that all the winds of heaven have conspired against him; and rather than resort to the paddle of perseverance, he gives up for lost, and says, There's no use in trying, for “sich is life!” On the other hand, an unfortunate philosopher, in tattered vest and forlorn financial condition, doesn't altogether give way to despair, but patiently contents himself with the idea that “sich is life;” and that, in the process of mundane mutations, there is “a good time coming,” which, some day or other, it will be his good fortune to experience.

My worthy friends: how many there are who, having to dig through the world, and finding it hard digging at the best, will not philosophically consider that “sich is life;” but they must rail at everybody and everything, distractedly imagining that all of mankind are set against them.

My hearers: there are certain truisms which need no ghost from the grave to tell us about, and establish. He that hath no money hath few friends, and the fur upon the friendship of these few is hardly worth gathering. The moneyless must expect to be pushed about, rode over and trodden upon—for "sich is life!" The dandified puppy, with features of brass, brains of frog-jelly, and a heart made of putty and bee's-wax—submits to the scoffs and jeers of boys; is barked at by dogs; "be dem'd" if he knows how it is; but "sich is life!" He that tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, now-a-days, is pelted with the brickbats of persecution by moralists, religionists, politicians, and the people at large, for "sich is life!" *Ecce signum, lignum vite!*

My hearers: imagine, as did my friend Shakspeare, a locomotive shadow; a poor player, that frets his brief hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more—and consider that "sich is life:" a tale told by an idiot [Shakspeare], full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. But learn to live well; keep the stomach well supplied with roast beef, the heart with true religion, and the head free from all foolish fancies—and verily you shall be rewarded in a life to come, which, at the worst, can't help but be better than the miserable sublunary existence allotted to us here below. So mote it be!

" DRIVE ON."

TEXT.—Drive on your horses!

MY HEARERS: The spirit of the age is DRIVE AHEAD, if you upset your wagon and spill your milk—keep up with the popular crowd, and leave the old slow, careful coaches in the lurch, "Get out o' the way, old Dan Tucker!" is all the go now-a-days, musically, morally, and mechanically speaking. A flood is upon us that is fast washing all the works of the old music-masters into the dead sea of oblivion. The old, heavy drama is too slow a coach altogether for the present day. A lighter and faster one we must have—a regular trotting concern. Poor Shakspeare! his house is sold, and has stepped out. His taper shines with a sickly glare in the misty moonlight of the past—a mere glowworm upon a dark and distant moor. Alas! I am afraid "he was not for a time, but for all day;" and it is now about to be all day with him. But, good-bye, Bill: I must drive on my horses, or take the dust of unpopularity.

My friends: we are a fast people, and live in a fast age. Perhaps you may say we are only riding down hill on a hand-sled: the more we increase in velocity, the sooner we shall reach the bottom, and then have to get back again the best way we can. Shouldn't wonder! shouldnt wonder! No, by thunder! no, by thunder! the way is comparatively level, and the road is clear. All we have to do is to keep up the steam, and push ahead—PROPEL. When I speak of

keeping up the steam, brethren, I do not mean that you shall fire up with liquid damnation which feeds the flames of hell, for thereby you may burst your boilers ; but I have reference to maintaining that ambitious spirit of rapid progression to which neither the everlasting mountains nor the eternal hills can set any bounds. Ours is already a great country, but we want to make it a big country. No pent-up Blackwell's Island shall contract our powers ; but the whole boundless continent must belong to us. Republicanism, with his new big boots, is bound to travel !—and no power on earth shall say, Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther. Emperors, kings, princes, and potentates ! get out of the way, for we are coming with our fast horses ! Clear the track for young America ! We intend honestly to vote ourselves farms ; but if voting don't get them, by General Jupiter Jackson, we'll take them, whether or no ! Shall we lumber along the road, and allow other nations to pass us with a whiz ? No —never. Our horses ~~ARE~~ fast, and we must give the world an swing specimen of their speed. Take care, then, by Basil ! we are running a race with Britain for Cuba ; and, if you don't look out, you may get injured. We must progress—advance—expatriate—till two-thirds of the globe is ours ; and then if we are compelled to stop by some unforeseen circumstance, what will be the consequence ? Why, we shall fall to fighting among ourselves and be brought back to the borders of primitive insignificance. I speak the words of truth and soberness ; and I care not who endorses my sentiments.

My friends : the world plays a grab game, and every man must look out for his handful. For my part, I take my time, and cheerfully accept of what Providence assigns me. But don't be guided by me, a poor pensioner of heaven—a pauper dependent upon chance. Drive on your horses ; keep ahead, if possible, and let “the devil take the hindmost.” So mote it be !

MAN A SHADOW—LIFE A DREAM.

TEXT.—For man a shadow only is,
And life is but a dream.

MY HEARERS : Did it ever occur to your stagnant minds that you are nothing more than mere shadows ?—intangible, without substance, and (I might say) without subsistence ? Well, you are “nothing else,” at any rate. One thing is certain : you

Come like shadows, so depart ;

and whence you come, or whither you go, is known only to that great Shadow of which you are but a feeble shade. Pretty-looking shadows, though, some of you are, I must say !—weigh two hundred and fifty, and annihilate a pound of pork at each repast ! If such are mere visions—“airy nothings”—I should like to know what you would think of cousin Abraham, who is so tall, slim, feeble, that he

dares not stoop to pick up a pin without first putting a couple of brickbats in his coat pockets to preserve an equilibrium. He is thin as blotting-paper, and never trusts himself to stand long out-doors without putting one foot upon the other to prevent the wind from blowing him away. But, my dear friends, in a metaphorical sense, we are nothing but shadows, after all: visible for a moment, and then invisible for ever! "What shadows we are!" (exclaimed the wise Shadow,) and what Shadows we pursue!"—meaning that the women are also shadows, and that we men are in the habit of running after them: and verily there be much truth in the observation.

My friends: what is life but a dream?—an empty dream; as empty as a contribution box of a Saturday. We imagine we live, and move, and have a being; but how is this **FACT** to be determined? There is no way of ascertaining it to a certainty. You go to bed at night; you sleep; you dream. That dream appears to you to be a reality; but you awake in the morning and find it all a delusion; and so, on the morn of the Resurrection, you will probably find out that you have been but dreaming all through this sublunary existence. Well, friends, if you ever thought of it, all our greatest delights and principal pleasures lie wrapped in silken dreams. It is the anticipation, and not the possession, that yields us bliss. It is the ideality—not the reality. Some folks say, however, that there is greater pleasure in eating a nice beefsteak when you are hungry, than in anticipating it; but I am inclined to doubt that **FACT**. Eating takes away a body's appetite, and makes him feel dull—as dull as a hatchet used for splitting kindling wood upon a hearth-stone: but to dream about indulging in gastronomic pleasures is quite another thing. "It makes me feel good to think of it," says John; "it is better than partaking." John is right: hope, that is not hopeless, is sweeter than honey. All is in the imagination. You acquire riches, and become possessed of whatever the heart, head, or fancy may order; and yet such wont set a broken limb, nor "administer to a mind diseased;" nor do anything further than affording pleasant, and at the same time uneasy, dreams. There is no reality in riches: a comfortable cot conduces to as much contentment as a stately mansion—and a **LEETLE** more too. As for purchasing happiness in this world, with the **RHINO**, the **CHINK**, or the **ACTUAL**, you might as soon think of winning a woman's affections at a raffle. All our joys, pleasures, and blisses, claim residence only in the dreamy mind. If that be ill at rest, no gold, silver, nor tickling under the ribs can make a man cheerful and happy. It is the **Un-real**—not the **Real** that gives zest to existence.

My hearers: life is nothing more nor less than an empty dream. We imagine—we speculate—we fancy—we hope, and are ever dwelling in the ethereal atmosphere of ideality. "Man never is but **always** to be blest," says my friend Pope; and I have a pewter sixpence saved for him who first acknowledges, with his hand upon the Book, that he is contented with the **REAL**. Now, all you married folks know that your happiest hours were those spent in courtship—when you were allowed to take only a smell at a glorious fodder,

without even nibbling at a spear. So it is with every earthly enjoyment: we prize at a distance; but when once in our possession, it isn't half so fat as we thought it was. And so it is with this basswood world. So mote it be!

CLACKING WOMEN.

TEXT.—O! steep my feet in boiling oil,
Or put me on the rack;
But save me, while I tarry here,
From yonder woman's clack!

MY HEARERS: Perhaps we male mortals ought not, generally speaking, to brag **MUCH** about our faculties for restraining that "unruly member" called the tongue; but I do think that women have no good reason to say **ANYTHING**—for, if we are incompetent, in a certain degree, women most certainly are, in a very uncertain degree. Their tongues are reeds shaken by the wind—splinters upon a chestnut rail, that keep up a buzzing and a jarring so long as there is a breath to move them. The least breeze of passion that springs up in their bosoms, sets their mill-clacks in operation; and as for stopping them, you might as well fire a popgun against thunder, or blow a hand-bellows against a hurricane. They will talk, like a poll-parrot, merely for the sake of the noise, and (giving them credit for no evil intention) they persevere in jabbering, without once reflecting that what is music to them may be murder to others. Oh! woman, woman! wherefore art thou gifted with such gigantic powers of gab! Thou wouldest have been an angel, hadst thou an angel's whisper.

My hearers: I have been speaking of women as a whole. As regards their noisy loquaciousness, there are many beautiful exceptions. I know some whose words have fine fur, instead of dog-hair, upon them—whose tones are as soft and musical as the mild breathings of the *Aeolian* harp—to whom it is soothing to listen, and whose society is as sunshine to a storm-beaten flower. But, oh! make my bed under a tinned roof during a night of incessant hail; place forty tom-cats at my window, all in "full feather" (fur, I should have said) for a row; bid me deliver an impressive discourse in a grist-mill; soak my corns in a boiling solution of potash; bore my ears with a two-inch auger, or a congressional speech upon the tariff; compel me to endure the infliction of a fashionable opera; grate loaf sugar by my side while I am preparing a sermon on Sunday; put me on the rack, if you choose—do anything you like, if you will only save me from the everlasting clack of that woman, whose **MILDEST** tones are enough to harrow up a man's soul, [Shakespeare!] freeze his warm blood, and make each particular hair—whiskers, moustaches, and imperial included—to stand on "eend," like bristles upon the back of a pup-worried boar-pig!

My hearers: I am afraid that if I say much more about the **GENTLER sex**, my soul, next week, will be as full of regrets as an old cot is of bed-bugs in August: nevertheless, I am bound to preach the truth to-day, although the devil may tell me to-morrow that I ought to be ashamed of myself for so doing. But, when you see my nose projecting from this old pulpit, know ye that I care not for the fear of man, the favour of women, nor the scoffs of Satan. In sooth, there is no use in trying to lessen the noise of a talkative woman's tongue by applying the oil of praise; for, the more you grease it by flattery, the faster and louder it runs. Say not a word; put putty in your ears, and it may tire itself out.

But, my dear friends, we ought not to be too severe upon the sisterhood. Heaven has made them as they are. Their imperfection is no fault of theirs, but an unwardable misfortune.

Nature made man the strongest,
But woman's tongue the longest.

And now, in conclusion, my dear brethren, if you will but count up your errors, and add to the sum total all your actual faults, you will find that the account is to be given to the credit of the feminine gender. Bear and forbear—overlook trifles—forgive all errors on the part of the last and loveliest of God's works—and say as I do: "Woman, with all thy faults, I love thee **STILL**." So mote it be!

RIDING DIFFERENT STEEDS.

TEXT.—Across the fields and o'er the tide
On Fancy's airy horse I ride.

MY HEARERS: I have ridden many a hard horse in my day, and night too, but the hardest one that ever I strode was a trip-hammer in a blacksmith's shop, PROPELLED by water power and the deviltry of a son of Vulcan. The animal was not set suddenly a-going while I was astride, moralizing, philosophizing, scrutinizing, and preaching against all vices—forgery, in particular, and all forgers generally. That was a hard horse to ride. I could neither stop the beast, nor get off; so I held on, like hope to a Christian, till the gate was shut, and my poor body released from its uncomfortable position. I declare, such a jerking up and down brought all my "milk of human kindness" to a curdle in less than two-thirds of a moment. My practical piety was broken into fragments not bigger than cherry-pits; and had I known how to swear, I certainly should have indulged according to the most modern and improved style. But, after gradually cooling off, I sat myself down, and calmly reflected upon the various hobbies, horses, and donkeys, that men ride through the world—and this sermon is the result.

My friends: the horse most generally ridden by us mortals is the stud of fancy. "Across the fields and o'er the tide," away we go,

upon our winged Pegasus, as though heaven were but a few miles ahead, and hell close behind. While searching for pleasure and treasures in the realms of imagination, we suddenly bethink ourselves of something for dinner. So we are compelled to put foot out of stirrup, and seek sustenance from the common soil, like any other grub-worm. Some airy steeds are very fiery and fractious ; and none but a mad poet would trust himself upon their backs. There are some poets, though, who apparently would take delight in riding a streak of lightning all about creation. They would like to rush from world to world, and perform the whole circuit of eternity, in about two minutes and forty-four seconds. It is said that witches will ride through the air upon broomsticks, amid thunder-storms and tempests most terrible ; but I don't believe the devil himself would venture to straddle one of the wild fancies of our modern poets. If he did, he were a fool.

My friends : in religious matters, people ride donkeys. They don't care about travelling too fast. "Slow and sure" is their motto. Each mounts his mule, or jackass, and off they start on so many different tracks. Every one is going the wrong way, according to another's notion, and every one is right, according to his own notion. Well, they all reach heaven after a while.

My dear friends : in politics there are so many different horses ridden, just now, that I must take another occasion to particularize. If somebody, though, (I wont say who he is,) don't come off with a sorcer seat than I did when I used to ride horse to plough, you may cut my salary down to chips and shavings. So mote it be !

MOONLIGHT, LOVE, AND MUSIC.

TEXT.—How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears.

* * * * *

In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

MY HEARERS : What is there more beautiful in the arrangement of Nature than a mild, unclouded moonlight evening in midsummer—especially in the country ? That liquid radiance, shed upon all things below, is the rich, yellow cream of beauty itself—the quintessence of all that can be called lovely after sunset—almost too rich and glorious to be supposed to emanate from such an oyster-balloon-looking concern as is that globe lamp which old father Nox hangs in the high chamber of heaven to light the holy stars to bed. Yet some of our moons are bunkum—first-rate, as is everything American. I doubt whether Italy, Greece or Ireland can boast of bigger, brighter and lovelier lunar orbs than we, the people of these *thirty-one independent United States*, are blest with. Talk about

Saturn with his seven moons!—he can't begin to shine after dark with mother Earth, whose pathway is lit by a solitary celestial lantern. Seven moons!—what wasteful extravagance!—what wretched economy, when one good one, like ours, might answer every purpose! If I had been Nature herself, I should have given a certain number of planets to every sun, and a single satellite to every planet.

My hearers: we ought, nevertheless, to be satisfied with the fair, round moon, that lends such a pleasing, witching (although rather melancholy) smile upon this dull, terrestrial sphere. See how it silvers the waves of yonder nervous, trembling, quivering bay!—how brilliantly it mercurializes each brooklet, river and lake!—how beautifully it bronzes the wide-spreading landscape—every bush, tree and brown old barn! How sweetly its mild lustre reposes upon this bank! Here will we sit, and let the sounds of midnight music creep into our ears. What do we hear?—hark: a persevering whippoorwill re-reiterates his castigating sentiments in song most tiresome to mortal ear: the grass cricket keeps up a monotonous tir-reh-h: the little feminine froglet, from a neighbouring marsh, attempts an octavo above the compass of her voice, while a big, overgrown masculine at her side, with his chin resting upon a lily-pad, puts in the tum-tums, boo-ker-chings, with a baseness, precision, patience and perseverance worthy of the highest admiration. Then, too, as we sit upon this moon-silvered bank, let us listen, with the ears of imagination, to the silent music of the spheres. Don't their sweet sacred psalmodies raise the feathers upon the back of Fancy! Don't they cause her pinions to expand—spread themselves—and take flight into the eternal regions of space, the ethereal domains of Nothing, and the happy, everlasting home of Nobody! Yes, my friends, moonshine, at midnight, raises our thoughts to the skies, as in a balloon. It lets the soul loose from its carnal prison—separates it from all earthly dross, and lets it ascend, like a feather upon a stove-pipe, to commune with its sister spirits in an atmosphere of purity, love and peace. Oh! moonlight evenings are the ones to put yeast into a youthful imagination, and to lighten the leaden fancies of the time-worn. They will cause dull weeds upon the half-sterile soil of age to resemble the fairest of flowers. They add a fresh furbish and new gloss to soiled and threadbare memories. They encircle the heart with a halo of romance, and line one's bosom, for the time, with the soft, fine fur of friendly feeling. You may call it all moonshine, if you please, but there is something in it more potent than common folks imagine.

My hearers: in such a night, says my text, did pretty Jessica—like a little naughty shrew, as she was—slander her love, and he forgave it her. Of course he did. How could he have done otherwise in such a night?—in such a night, when quiet, serene, heavenly Nature whispered only of love, friendship and forgiveness? And now, my friends, if you would have your souls softened—your ideal faculties expanded—your fancies strengthened in their heavenward flights—go “out by the light of the moon” with one who fondly

holds a place in your bosom, rent free, and meditate, confabulate, hesitate, ejaculate, ponderate, and make love, at any rate. Go ! as I bid you ; and if you don't find that this world has lunar influences, and at the same time you don't experience the funny but mysterious sensations of animal magnetism, why, then, I'll give up preaching and go to congress—or some other place equally as bad. So mote it be !

THE LASSES.

TEXT.—Auld Nature swears, the lovely dear,
 Her noblest work she classes, O :
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O.

MY HEARERS : Dame Nature has reason to be proud of the degree of perfection to which she brought the world when she manufactured the "lovely dears." They are the last and the most successful of a long-continued series of experiments in the moulding of humanity—the result of the first being nothing more nor less than the production of a stump-tailed baboon—and if not the noblest, are certainly the most polished and finished of all her works. The materials in the she sex are about the same as in the lords of creation ; only finer, and freer from dross, specks, cracks and flaws. I may liken woman to a loaf of bread composed of the finest bolted flour—light, delicate and spongy : man, to an unleavened batch of rye and Indian—heavy, coarse and clammy. But behold the fresh and blooming maiden as a being of beauty and grace ! Where is there created flesh or animal form to compare with her ? There are snares, as well as snarls, in her dark flowing tresses. There is a whole alphabet of love in her bright sparkling eyes : her marble brow, swan-like neck, and round, tapering limbs, combine to make her an exquisite subject for the poet, painter and sculptor : and then that mouth of hers !—when the winds of passion are at rest, how much it resembles a half-blown rose in a mild morning of May !—and when trans-shaped to a smile, how very like to the bow of the little naughty god Cupid ! Ah, who could ever suspect it of being a hole for pork and beans and apple dumplings ! But has not nature evidently bestowed a vast amount of pains upon her ! Could she have done more for her by studying an extra thousand years ? No ; our admiration for the workmanship displayed in the manufacture of the lasses could never be enhanced in the least, even if they were to be brought into the world with bustles on as big as bushel baskets.

My friends—Nature tried her 'prentice hand upon us men, because it being rough, coarse kind of work, she could execute with less pains and more facility ; and furthermore, she didn't care if she spoiled half a dozen or so in making—and she did succeed in spoiling a few. The first man that Nature made looked tolerably well outwardly ; but she made the forehead too low, the eyebrows too level, and left the blood as cold as a sturgeon's; yes, and she tried to make

soap-stone answer for a heart. She made a murderer. Endeavouring to remedy these defects at the next attempt, she over-shot the mark. To warm the blood, she mixed in red pepper, ginger and aquafortis; and padded the bosom with a variety of combustible materials—the consequence of which was, she produced a quarreller, wrangler, and an aspirant to power. Here was another piece of work spoiled. Being then afraid of the preponderancy of the animal passions, she put up a slight frame-work, barely covered it with dried rubbish, substituted vinegar for blood, made a heart of bass-wood, and left no room for a soul. Thus she turned loose a human being, wholly unsusceptible of rational enjoyment, dead to the pleasures of the world, and a stranger at the feast of reason. He was a miser and a thief. The result of the next experiment was a creature seemingly correct in every part; but through a multitude of unaccountable mistakes—nicely covered with putty and paint—he proved to be a hypocrite. Here dame Nature hung her head and paused, as if in a fit of discouragement; but rallying all her energies, collecting all her wisdom, exercising all her skill, and using the proper materials, she fell to work, and at length produced an **HONEST MAN!** This was glory enough for one day.

My hearers: Nature, rejoiced at her success, now thought she would venture upon finer work—the “lovely dears.” So, with the fairest of sifted earth, soft soap, sentiment, and a bucket-full of tears—sweetened with the sugar of love—she went carefully, but right merrily to the task. One or two were thrown upon her hands, in consequence of being over highly tempered and furnished with a little too much tongue. Profiting by these defects, however, she soon completed a beautiful being, as lovely as the morning, as pure as the vestal snow, and against whom in her primitive state no one to this day ever dare say aught. Outwardly as fair as the lily, and inwardly extra jewelled with virtue, she walks abroad, a living specimen of the last, the best, and the most lovely of all Nature’s works. Yes, my friends, the lasses are the loveliest of all breathing objects, but amazingly susceptible of being soiled and put out of kilter for life. Oh, that man should make toys of them for awhile, then use them like horses, and afterwards treat them like dogs! Her beauty should be her shield, and her weakness her weapon. In me, nevertheless, the lasses may ever expect to find a valiant protector and a constant friend. I will stick by them, stick up for them, and stick up to them, so long as there is anything sticky in the first principles of love, admiration, and respect; and if any scamp in my congregation dare oppose me, I will wallopp him with such a cudgel of pastoral reproof as is not brandished by every exponent of the gospel and good manners. So mote it be!

ON NOTING TIME.

TEXT.—The bell strikes one—we take no note of time!

MY HEARERS: It occurs to me that Time is shoving us on towards our last resting-places at the most rapid rate. Yesterday I took a retrospective survey of the distance between the Present and a certain post stuck up in the Past, and, to my utter astonishment, it measured full fourteen years! Can it be possible, inquired I of myself, that what seems to be of yesterday only should be found so astonishingly in the rear? Yet it was so; and I have now come to the conclusion that the Past, Present and Future are all equally deceiving. Put not your trust in any of them: if you do, you will be taken in and done for, about as "slick" as Jonah. Wiggle yourselves, brethren, among the three, and make headway the best way you can. Fond Recollection holds us by the coat-tail, and joyous Anticipation pulls us by the hair, while Reality gets us about the middle, from whose rough grasp we are ever struggling to escape. Somehow, all we mortals seem to want is to get ahead, reckless of economizing the little strip of time between here and hereafter. But there is no use in being in a hurry: we shall all reach the end of life's journey sooner than is desirable—and, I am afraid, before half of us have earned a pint of gracious salt for the pickling of our precious souls.

My friends: "we take no note of time;" and a good reason why—time never gives a note; never wants to be trusted, and trusts nobody. Why, it is enough to make a weeping willow laugh to see how nicely innocent people are cheated out of hours, minutes—ay, seconds. Good souls, they think that because there is a multitude stored away for them in the Future, they can afford to squander as extravagantly as they please; but they will find out, too late I fear, that minutes are precious gems, and hours worth their circumference in gold. Time flies with the swiftness of a swallow—days, months, and years glide by with the rapidity of a locomotive upon the Great Western Railroad, and we take matters just as cool and easy as though decline, decrepitude, and death were all a romance! But, let me tell you, dear friends, that there is a reality in all these, which you will but too suddenly experience. If you can't take time by the forelock, make a grab at his fetlock, and hang on like a Dutchman's dog to the tail of a mad bull. If there be anything in this world that I particularly despise, it is an indolent, lazy loafer, who lies down in the sunshine of self-content, and permits himself to be bitten by bugs and beset by flies, regardless of the scoffs and sneers of those who happen to be a little better dressed. Heaven knows that I am lazy enough to produce general stagnation throughout a neighbourhood; but I must say that thousands of *my* fellow-creatures, in this little city alone, are far less concerned *for* *their* temporal welfare than your very humble and most obse-

quious preacher. So little do I care about money, that while the hat is being passed round, I shall close my eyes and think up a text for the next sermon. Meanwhile, however, let me impress upon your hearts—let me instil into the minds of your children—that moments are to be prized above rubies, and hours more valuable than the richest mines of Mexico, or all the wealth of the Indies. Time, my friends, as has been truly remarked by one of the Eastern sages, is a great deal “shorter than it is long.” It is as much shorter than pie-crust as pie-crust is briefer than the summing up of a district attorney in behalf of the ~~PEBBLES~~; and, therefore, it behooves us all that we should stretch it to its utmost possible tension—for there is nothing like making as much as we can of the little we have. So mote it be!

BLIND FOOLISHNESS.

TEXT.—I saw a mouse within a trap,
 “Poor little thing,” said I,
 “Oh! why so foolish to go in?
 Pray tell me, mousey—why?”

MY HEARERS: Mice are foolish little animals; they sacrifice their souls for a crumb of cheese, the same as you do yours for a few lumps of gold. I can cobble up an excuse, however, for the mice: it is absolute hunger that drives them to destruction; but you jump into a pit of misery for the sake of something that you **WANT**, but don't **NEED** any more than a white bear needs mittens and an over-coat. Why will you?—oh! why will you, brethren, for the sake of a shiny dollar, allow yourselves to be entrapped by the arch-enemy of mankind?

My friends: in every path of life the devil sets his traps: and it is curious to see the funny beasts, birds, and reptiles he catches. Poor penniless creatures are driven in by necessity, and men of wealth and apparent respectability are caught by their own indiscretion at last. Many a priest has he counted as game; and it is but two or three years since he caught a bishop by the tail, in the state of New York; but as to how he escaped, thereby still hangs a tale—most probably by a compromise. What are the traps? you inquire. Why, my friends, every rum-mill, grogcery, and tippling-shop (where they don't sell good liquor) is a trap set by the devil to catch those who are guilty of not having over three cents in their pockets for the time being.

My hearers: far be it from me to advise you to go to the devil, in any emergency; but avoid his traps. Keep out of Wall-street, Church-street, and never enter the doors where they retail distilled damnation—liquid hell-fire at three cents a go; and I wouldn't insure your souls, under a heavy per centage, were I certain that you imbibed alcohol at even a shilling a nip. Young men! look out for the traps and snares of the world, or you may have a chance to

squeal when it is too late for succour. Every pleasure hath its poison, and each sweet a snare, as hath been truly said by somebody. It was "ever thus from childhood's hour"—yea, it always has been so since Nature was a little girl and wore pantalettes. And you, ye grey-haired worshippers at the shrine of Mammon ! if you allow your avaricious propensities to get and keep the better of that divine creature called Conscience, you will worry out the remainder of your days in a cage of misery and torment—in a trap-cage set by Satan and baited with a sixpence. Brethren !—one and all—don't be caught with chaff, sawdust, nor gold-dust ; but pursue the even course of prudence and beauty ; and should you happen to get into the mire of misfortune, Heaven, Hope, Patience, and Perseverance will as surely put you upon solid ground again as (by the looks of the weather) it will be a fair day to-morrow. So mote it be !

ON THE PRACTISED ARTS OF LOVE.

My HEAVERS: I've found it all out—I have been teetotally bamboozled. I said, while under the hydrophobia of revenge, a few Sundays ago, that women hadn't any love; but now I begin to feel a little sorry about it. I've had all the girls, from the Bull's Head to the Battery, in my flax since then. One thought me real mean for uttering such super-diabolical sentiments; another said I didn't know anything about the nature of woman, or was too old to appreciate the influence of love in anybody; and others stuck to it that I must have been disappointed in some love scrape, and only wanted to fall out, for the sake of kissing and making it up again; and so I've catched it right and left. Now the fact of the matter is, I have been deceived. I was under the impression that, if there was any such thing as love in the girl kind, it would stick out so as to be seen with half an eye. But I see how it is. They hide their love, as my text says—I wouldn't have thought it—but Miss Landon has told them to do it; and she knows what's what, as well as that woman who broomed me out of the house a spell ago. O, these girls are cunning creatures! Well, I like 'em the better for their seeming coldness, since I am fully convinced that they actually possess a quantum sufficient of that exhilarating gas, called love, which diffuses itself throughout this oviparous, sublunary world of ours, and impregnates the whole human race with witching *symptoms of ideality*, and engenders a spirit of good will among

the gregarious sexes! As old as I am, I even **LOVE** the fair sex, for the shrewdness and scientific tricks they display when admirers are trying to coax them into the rat-traps of their affections. If further proof than my text offers is needed, that women are tinctured with the pure essence of love, I will quote a passage from Ovid, whose veracity is uncomoverable, and can't be disputed: "Girlandum qui loveabus, cupiderandum, et posse comitatus flirtie femini, hoc homo quid tobacco-juice con amoriso kissandum pro sighandum, sine desperando nihil faintabit."

Now, my dear female auditors, having proved, fairly, directly, perpendicularly, horizontally, and collaterally, that Cupid is the fledgling of your bosoms, and true love the offspring of your hearts, I mean to go half the figure with you and my text in speaking of its exercise. It tells you to do anything but love—a stumper to begin with—can't go in for that. You ought to love, because it is the soul of that religion which cherishes peace and harmony on earth, and adds lustre to the diadems of angels in heaven. But you may conceal this love as long as you think proper. It is often the best way to make admirers think you don't care much about them, for they are sure to love you the more, and will use greater exertions to win you over into the moonshine of their affections. It's no use of telling you to hide your love under a bushel, because I know you oftentimes do it, whether or no. As my old friend Shakspeare says, you don't always tell your love, but let concealment, like a moth in a red woollen blanket, feed upon your damask cheeks. It's all right—perfectly right—go it, girls, with a deer-like shyness! Lead the lover on, from tree to tree, and flower to flower, like the eastern bird of hope, but don't let him come near enough to sprinkle salt on your necks, or you are gone sparrows. Keep just such a distance before him—and this distance will lend a very peculiar enchantment to his view; your defects, if you have any, will wholly disappear, and your beauties will glisten, like a tin teapot on the summit of a heaven-kissing hill. [SHAKSPEARE.] Yes, as you recede from the lover's gaze, your charms will increase in splendour, inasmuch as the golden atmosphere of love will fall between, and you will appear before his treacherous vision like beings of light surrounded by a halo of glory. You should follow up this game till you find your pursuer is dead set on taking you into the ark of connubial happiness; and then you may allow yourself to be cornered up, but don't give up too suddenly, or it may spoil all the fun; rather contrive some way to get into close quarters—and even then, you must dodge round and try to elude every earnest grasp, till you find you can't struggle any longer with the giant impulses of the heart. Then yield at once in the blissful agony of submission, and say,

Here, sir, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Follow this method, and you will secure to yourself such matrimonial peace and comfort as an abrupt union can neither give nor take away. I don't care what my text says—depend upon it, you

will not be left to pine neglected, like a maiden robin in a solitary cage. No, my dear young females—a person who has experienced so much trouble, and used such persevering exertions to coax his dear turtle-dove to his bosom, will never forsake it, when once secure in his affectionate embrace. He will press it to his heart in times of danger, sorrow, and affliction, support and cherish it as the companion of his lonely hours, and cling to him even when the shears of Death are about to clip the conjugal thread, and separate them for ever.

My hearers: happy unions may sometimes agree with hasty marriages; but the best way to ensure happiness is to live as though we were married but yesterday; and add to the present enjoyment the firm resolution of becoming more moral, more virtuous, more pious, and consequently more happy, till we are called upon to give in the sum total of all our virtues and vices, at the bar of Heaven. So mote it be!

ON DANCING.

TEXT.—Lost they not then all sense of present woe,
 In that wild dance? Thus musing as I gazed,
 Oh, it was beautiful to see them throw
 Up their sinister leg, and, with hands raised,
 Politely intimate, while poised so,
 At each gyration's close, that they did "Jump Jim Crow."

MY DEAR HEARERS: I have no doubt but the subject before me might be a source of bunkum delight to young men afflicted with levity, and girls of hyperbolical giddiness, were I to descant upon it according to their notions of fun, pleasure, and happiness, in this take-in sort of a world. I wouldn't have you think that I am teetotally opposed to dancing in every shape—for the very plain reason that I used to heel and toe it a trifle, ere my old legs had refused to perform the bidding of the will, as is now the case. But the fact is, I was wont to cut it down too strong altogether—I carried the step too far—went the double shuffle too mightily—but I couldn't help it. I was obliged to mind the music and keep up with my partner; and the way she would balance up, and right-and-left, was significant of something more than nothing. I soon began to lose health, flesh, cash, and morality; and finally told all the frivolities of the world to go to pot, and I would go to preaching—preach good morals, moderation, temperance, love, and a particular cautious step in the scientific practice of dancing. I don't like the looks of such ball-rooms as they have lately, nor the way they manage matters. Artificial corruptness covers over and destroys all that beautiful simplicity which graces the domestic circle. The girls are all so titivated off with false beauty and flipper-jigs, that a fellow loses his heart before he knows it; and the plague of it is, he don't know which of the fair ones has got it. Generally speaking, it's much better for him if he never finds it out; for he

should take into consideration that everything is not gold that glitters—neither is every girl an angel, though she glides through the mazes of the dance like a spirit clothed with the rainbow and studded with stars. He may behold his admired object on the morrow, in the true light of reality—perchance emptying a washing-tub in the gutter, with frock pinned up behind—her cheeks pale for the want of paint—her hair mussed and mossy, except what lies in the bureau—and her whole contour wearing the appearance of an angel rammed through a bush fence into a world of wretchedness and woe. Now, my dear friends, supposing a young man does happen to find his snatched-up beauty in such a predicament? I say it is a glorious recommendation for him; and if he don't like it, he must keep away from those places where loveliness is patched up for the occasion, and where a she devil and a she seraph are one and the same thing. Every ball, now-a-days, is a masquerade. Its attendants are as false as they appear to be fair—and when daylight comes to unmash them, they can boast of no great attractions, either inside or out. They are too fond of blowing it out "till day-light doth appear," instead of hanging up their fiddles at eleven o'clock, and winding off with "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing," as was the case in the good old days of yore. Dancing has been gathering a thick coat of corruption for a long time. The primitive Shaker jig is the only pure pigeon-wing, to my notion, though I never went their figure. The old down-outside-and-back is the next natural and simple form of leg worship; the Jim Crow jump is a falling off from either—and the fashionable capers cut at the present day are all stupid nonsense. What meaning is there in what they call a quintillion? It's all full of such hog-latin as dose-a-dose! lemonade all! pussay! alamode at the corners! chase-here-de-chase-here! and so on, and so forth. Waltzing is more stupid yet—nobody can do it real slick unless they have the spring-halt in one leg, as horses sometimes have. When I see a chap hugged up to a girl, performing constant revolutions, at the rate of six to a minute, I can't help suspecting that he is trying to get round her in a very nonsensical way. O, this waltzing is a silly piece of business! A puppy whirling round after his tail makes a more respectable appearance than a couple of our Heavenly Father's images in the ludicrous position of waltzing. If dancing must be done at all, I say let it be done decently and in order—after the manner of the times in which I came the ajeta to a nicety. Let the figure be simple—keep at a respectful distance while balancing to partners—and when you go down the middle, don't squeeze hands too tight, and look out for the corn plantations on either side.

My beloved friends: it always affords me a full purse of pleasure to see my young pupils happy in the enjoyment of rational pastime. I would not, for the world, throw aloes in the wine-cups of young men; neither could I have the cruelty to force wormwood tea down the delicate throats of those dear, delightful angels who honour me with their presence. But while drinking from the pitcher of pleasure, you must be careful and not drink so deep as to make a buzzing quill factory of your cock-lofts. If you do, you

may stand a chance to learn St. Vitus' dance, or be obliged to dance down the dark alley, to the tune of *Delirium Tremens*. Think of this, my young friends, and toe out like a tea-stand! I know, full well, that you find a good deal of fun in your wild dances—you lose, at the time, all sense of present woe, and feel light as corks; but mind, I tell ye, if you keep it up of a night till you get your pores too far open, the storm that may blow on the morrow will beat in, till you become water-soaked, and finally sink down beneath the waves of corruption, to rise no more. May each of you weigh my sentiments on the subject with the steelyards of prudence—dance not on slippery places—and return, as far as convenient, toward the good old ways of your ancestors. So mote it be!

ON THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

TEXT.—Though no word may be spoken,
 My welfare to tell,
 When I send thee a token,
 Decipher it well;
 In my desolate hours
 My solace shall be,
 In the language of flowers
 To whisper to thee.

MY FAITHFUL HEARERS: I 'spose you know well enough that there are more languages on the face of the globe than you can shake a stick at, or cipher up on a slate in a dog's age. There are all kinds of gibberish, from Cherokee up to Chaldee, but I consider the old English the best of any going; because it is just as plain as A, B, C—so plain that he who runs may read, and know exactly what it means. Every other language is mere geese-gabble; jabber-jabber, google-google. Those who talk it can't make each other understand, without a wriggling about, and bobbing up and down of heads, just as the geese do. But they contrive to get along, somehow or other, so they may talk Turkey, Tonga-wanga or low Dutch, for aught I care. Between you and me, and the lamp-post, my friends, tongues are not always necessary to express and convey ideas. There is a language in almost everything, excepting in shell-fish and saw-dust puddings. The birds, beasts, and insects, all understand each other, like bedfellows. The Naiades prattle in the brooks—old Neptune grumbles on the ocean—Diana sings in the woods—and Flora, the fair mistress of flowers, teaches her blooming children to converse with man in a mysterious language, but plain enough to be understood by those who will lend an ear to their silent eloquence. Yes, my hearers, every flower has a sentiment to impart; and if you'll keep awake long enough, I'll particularize a little.

The rose speaks of beauty—it is called the Queen of Flowers—not Queen Victoria—she's a pond-lily, surrounded by bull-frogs

and water-lizards)—it blooms and looks lovely but for a short time—its blushing petals soon fade, and the rough winds scatter them abroad—telling that beauty is evanescent, and wont stand the scrubbing-brush of time. It is guarded by thorns, the same as some girls are all stuck round with pins—cautioning the embracers of beauty to look well, or they may get scratched a few. The myrtle is always full of hope and expectation—it keeps green and never turns pale with disappointment. When a young man sends a myrtle to his sweetheart, she has a right to expect a visit from him instanter; because the vegetable can't lie. The jasmine is a pretty little flower, and I hope my young female hearers will heed its moral. It is an emblem of simplicity; and shows that a girl's heart, free from guile—not too fond of setting traps—is the corner-stone of beauty. It braves the storms of winter, as an artless heart does the blasts of adversity and ill-luck. The hollyhock is ambition itself—its blossoms seem to strive for the ascendancy on the parent stem; and those nearest the top have the toughest time of it in the gale. People generally don't know how cold it is on the top of Mount Ambition. The yellow day-lily represents coquetry, because its flowers don't last over a day. So it is with all coquettes—they have their day, as well as dogs; and the dogs of it is, they aren't worth a tinker's dog when they are in full blossom. The tulip is the posie for lovers. It is always used as a declaration of affection. When I first saw my wife (that was), I didn't tell her right out that I loved her; so I sent her a tulip, and it did the thing, just like a knife—she knew what it meant. Madder, my friends, is a true emblem of calumny—its leaves make a stain that wont wash out with soap-suds and potash. I advise you to talk with this flower, and never backbite your neighbours—for the marks left, where their backs are bitten, will always remain. The lilac means forsaken. When a beau don't intend to let his affections hang on any longer, he should send his girl a lilac, and she'll know directly that he means to be o-p-h, like a pot-lid. I must call the attention of some of my hearers to one particular flower—and that's the sun-flower. It is a picture of brass-faceitiveness. It can look at the sun without blushing, and stare the moon out of countenance—it carries its head altogether too high, and has nothing to recommend it but the black seeds of impudence! I could tell you lots more about the language of flowers; but pay attention to what I have given—converse with them often, and compare their sentiments with those that have taken root in your hearts. Let no madder, sun-flowers, night-shade, pig-weed, and such like vegetables, find a genial soil in your bosoms—if they already have, hoe them out immediately, for they will overrun the whole moral garden, and prevent fair Virtue's flowers from putting forth a single bud.

There is a little flower, called the violet, that young ladies should profit by. It indicates modesty, and, to my notion, is the prettiest child of the whole floral family. To see it lying in its grassy cradle, looking up so lovely, and with a dewy tear-drop resting in its little blue eye, is enough to give one the kiss-distemper! I flatter

myself I see a great many violets among my congregation. I saw lots of artificial ones last night, going up and down Broadway. I knew such flowers as they weren't genuine, as quick as I smelt them. But, my hearers, it matters not what kind of vegetation you are; you will all soon be cut down by the scythe of Time. You don't flourish long before you are lopped off. Think of these things, and be prepared for a final and happy transplantation to that land where buds of purity alone can blossom. So mote it be!

WOMAN—HER POWER.

TEXT.—O woman, woman, woman; all the gods
Have not such power of doing good to men
As you of doing harm!—DRYDEN.

MY HEARERS: There is no doubt but Woman brings as much woe and wretchedness to man as does that root of all evil, money. We of the opposite gender quarrel, fight, and toil for both, and by both not unfrequently are made miserable. I would not have the fair portion of my audience suspect me of believing that they do, taken in a lump, more harm than good to men; but that they have THE POWER of making more mischief among us weak and erring sons of sin than ever had Satan when he was allowed to wander at will up and down the earth in search of those whom he might feel disposed to devour.

My friends: Woman is the fountain of all human frailty. Were it not for her, we should exhibit moral might and strength where now we show nothing but weakness. She draws from us the life-sustaining sap of virtuous resolution—encourages our ambition to beyond its proper point; she is the bane of empire and the root of power; causes mischiefs, murders, massacres; and damns us faster than Providence can save. Allow me to ask, with my old friend Otway, what ills might not have been done by woman? Who was it that betrayed the capitol? A woman! Who was the cause of a long ten years' war, that laid old Troy at last in ashes? A woman! Who lost Marc Antony, what he termed, the world? A woman! Yes, it was a woman—the same deceitful kind of a creature that was at first given to man as a blessing, and afterwards proved his bane. There was a time when Innocence and Love slept as sweetly together, beneath a heaven-built bower of bliss, as a twin pair of babes in a cradle; but woman led them astray; and now they no longer go hand in hand, but wander solitary and alone over the sterile plains of vice and licentiousness. Woman, always in quest of some new adventure, saw the devil—changed her love—inclined her soul to his temptations—and, for the sake of a wormy pippin, brought enough woe and misery upon all mankind to create a yellow fever in the coldest corner of eternity.

My hearers: Woman sometimes sows the seeds of sorrow among

our flowers of joy, and sticks pins through our trousers when we suspect she only intends to tickle. She coaxes us with her smiles, and leads us astray by her arts; and yet, after all, we must acknowledge that the weakness is ours and the power is hers. The feminine race of mortals appear to be governed by an absolute and stubborn fate. There is no removing the landmarks of their love; and their detestation can be bounded by no certain limits. When they love, they love with a looseness; and when they hate, it is entirely on the high-pressure principle. When a female has her affections once fairly fastened upon a man, you can no more detach them by persuasion than you can coax a couple of angry bull-dogs from each other with a slice of raw beef. The women have beauty and pride, which makes mankind their slaves; and nothing, save the soft soap of flattery, can induce them to unloose the fetters from one poor mortal and bind them upon another. Pour out a few drops of praise upon woman from your phials of admiration, and the apparent ossification of her heart is immediately reduced to the consistency of calf's-head jelly: for there is no mistake but the thoughtless sex are oftentimes caught by empty noise, despite their pretensions to almost absolute power in the offices of love.

My fair feminine hearers: although you possess the power of making a vast deal of mischief among the mass of mankind, I would not, for the world, be so uncharitable as to suppose that you always take advantage of this power, for the purpose of playing the Old Harry with us of the masculine gender. You are not to be blamed for your beauty, nor censured for those attractions over which you have no control. If a moth flutters round the alluring blaze of a candle, and scorches its wings, it is all owing to its indiscretion, and no fault whatever can be attached to the fatal fire by which it dies. Nature made you, my dear females, to temper man—to smooth the asperities of his nature, which is as rough as the back of a hog when manipulated from the tail headward; and so long as you scatter roses among our daily walks, I, for one, wont grumble if a few thorns of woe are concealed beneath the bright blossoms of love. Without you we evidently should have been brutes, caring for nothing save the sensual enjoyment of the present, and as utterly regardless of the future as a rat nibbling at the bait of a steel trap. Angels, it is said, are painted fair to look like you; for in you we fancy that we behold all brightness, all purity, all truth, eternal joy, and everlasting love: notwithstanding, we sometimes get deceived, and afterwards detest the very name of Woman. You are the last and very best reserve of God; but when your moral characters become stained with sin and bespotted with vice, you are looked upon as the most loathsome of reptiles that cast their slime upon the fair surface of the earth. Your power for doing either harm or good remains with you so long as Virtue is your aid and protectress, and no longer. You can make mischief among men by causing them to fight, bleed, and die for you, while your inclinations are virtuous and your actions are exemplary; but as soon as your rudders of virtue are lost from the sterns of your frail vessels, you

are left to the mercy of the winds and the waves ; and, with all your false show, false colours, and doubtful signals of distress, no one will deign to assist you.

Let your attractions be inward as well as outward, my young females—wear no paint upon your cheeks, no artificial smiles upon your features—carry no dissemblance in your hearts—and then if you are the cause of harm among men, the weakness is theirs, and to you belongs the glory of being possessed of such lovely attributes as to command the respect and the admiration of the world. So mote it be !

ON SCANDAL.

TEXT.—There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame :
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.

MY HEARERS : I shall preach to you a plain, common-sense kind of discourse. Unlike the cabinet-maker, who so smooths, polishes, stains, and varnishes his articles, that it is difficult to tell what kind of wood they are composed of, I shall be so plain in prosody, and simple in syntax, that you can hardly help understanding what I intend to say.

To commence. That there is a wild and untameable lust for ever lurking in the breast of man to publish his neighbour's shame, is as correct as a calculation for an eclipse. Why it is that we, like flies which take pains to light upon one's sores, should delight in seeking out the errors and petit sins of a brother-in-blood, is more than I can rationally explain ; but true it is, we all have an itching thusward, and no moral physic nor external application can allay it. Let an individual in the humble walks of life, who makes no pretensions to superior piety, but sustains a fair reputation, do an uncommonly praiseworthy deed, and the report of it dies like an echo upon a sand-hill. Then let him accidentally tread upon a little violet of modesty, or thoughtlessly pluck a single bright blossom from the garland of virtue, and it is trumped abroad to his everlasting disgrace. His indiscreetness may at first be only known to one—and he a “friend ;” but this “friend” has, in common with us all, a devil within him, the same as the most mellow and fairest-looking apple has a worm at its core. He alone knowing of the misstep of his intimate, feels in duty bound to keep it secret ; but at the same time is afflicted with an irresistible inclination to tell of it to some one. He tells it “confidentially” to his nearest friend—he tells it “confidentially” to an acquaintance—he to a fourth, and finally it becomes as public as the doings of Congress. These confidential dams can no more stop the stream of scandal, when it has once broken loose from its fountain head, than a bear-trap can catch *the measles*.

My friends : it is impossible for you to know, at the moment,

how your reputations are being unravelled by Mr. Meddlesome, Mrs. Chatterbox, and Miss Tittletattle. You are not aware at first how badly your backs are bitten by these blood-suckers—gormanizers upon the good names of others; but when time causes the wounds they inflict to fester, you begin to feel sore indeed, and are ready to exclaim, “Oh! the slanderer’s tooth is equally as poisonous to one’s soul, as the fang of a serpent to the flesh!” The reason why you glory in publishing your neighbour’s shame is as plain to me as the garb of a quakeress. It is through a spirit of envy and jealousy. You know that you are all addicted to error, sin, and folly; and consequently you are always on the lookout to discover disgraces in others that will outweigh your own. When you find such, you use your utmost exertions to increase the enormity, in order that contrast may aid your own wickedness to escape unnoticed. But it won’t answer: it is very much like pot circulating the report that the character of the kettle is covered with crock.

My hearers: you have no right to tear a man’s character to pieces for the sake of patching up your own tattered trousers of mortality; and you have no business to know what he does privately, if he does not publicly set a pernicious example. Some of you go to the theatre to hiss, and perhaps drive a good actor from the stage, because he is given to certain little immoralities. This shouldn’t be—you should look alone at the actor and forget the man. You visit the place to be entertained—perhaps amused; and if the performer “act well his part,” you ought to give him just as much applause as though he were pure as crystal and chaste as new-fallen snow. So, my friends, it should be with regard to the parson of your parish. If he gives you good advice from the pulpit—encourages the Christian in his pious career—warns sinners to repentance, and points out the dangers that beset the path of the transgressor; if he goes about doing good—comforts the widow and the orphan in their sorrows—visits the sick, and endeavours to alleviate the sufferings and lighten the burdens of the heavy-laden and weary—enters the house of adversity and calms the soul’s troubled waters with a pennyworth of the oil of peace—gives hope and consolation to him who is about to set sail upon the ocean of eternity, accompanies him to the dock of death, shakes hands, and sees him safely off, with ardent wishes for his eternal welfare;—I say, my friends, if your parson does all these things, it is none of your business if he takes an occasional glass of brandy-and-water behind his own door. If Betty, the servant-maid, should happen to discover it, and, with the aid of scandal-mongers, circulate it through the parish, you make a fuss about it and discharge him from the ministry. Now, what is the consequence? Why, the poor man, not conscious of a single fault, but pierced to the heart with the arrows of public opinion, takes to the bottle to drown his grief,—not remorse, for he has done nothing to be ashamed of,—and feels his way in a fog to the tomb as fast as he can;—and you are the murderers of this unfortunate man! Truly, all his virtuous actions

were born but to die for the want of that protection and nourishment which a foolish and niggardly community was never known to afford.

My hearers: you are too apt to annihilate a good and virtuous reputation, merely because you fancy you can discover a small stain upon it, which, after all, generally amounts to no more than a fly-speck upon a clean table-cloth. This is wrong—decidedly wrong; and I hope that, by reflecting upon the subject, you will become convinced of the fact, and for the future behave better, grow wiser, and become happier. So mote it be!

A GENERAL DISCOURSE.

TEXT.—But how the subject theme may gang
Let time and chance determine:
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

YE MEN OF GOTHAM! What a pretty looking nest of varmints ye are, taken in a heap, altogether! You toil not, neither do your daughters spin! You get your feed from the surrounding farmers, and make yourselves busy only in snatching meat from each other's mouths. Instead of getting your bread by the sweat of the brow, you buy it of the baker, and he buys the stuff to make it with of somebody else—though I acknowledge bread can't always be got by the sweat of the brow; for I have known a lazy loafer to sit down in the sun and sweat for half an hour, and find no bread coming after all. You don't produce anything more than so many toads, but merely fix contrivances, like spiders, whereby to make a living. Yes, you play the part of spiders and flies to each other. In the streets, and on the corners where insects are the most numerous, I see old grey spiders have woven their webs to catch innocents, whom they politely term "patrons;" and it is enough to make a codfish smile to see with what urbanity they invite every gad-fly, gnat, and blue-bottle to "walk into their parlours." O, you Gothamites! you secondary formation of humanity!—everything is bought and sold with you—even the water you drink. To go to church in any kind of tolerable style costs a heap a-year; and I know very well that the reason why a majority of you go to Beelzebub is, because you can't afford to go to heaven at the present exorbitant prices. Principles are put up at auction—opinions find a mock sale—virtue is sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon—the pawnbroker purchases the emblems of the last remnants of respectability at one quarter their value—and the lawyer, politician, doctor, and divine are devouring your substances, while, like the famed cats of Kilkenny, you eat each other up, hide, hair, whiskers, and all.

Ye Women of Gotham: you are physically no better than feminine country flesh, made of bull-beef and boiled cabbage; but you

think you are. You make a greater display of satins, silks, and laces, but as for real, ideal and intrinsic beauty, you can't come to tea with most of the she sex who sleep between a pig pen and an apple orchard. You have nothing to do, and two or three servants to assist you. You sit in your parlours all day, fading like flowers in autumn, and sacrificing health, true enjoyment, beauty, and every blessed gift, for fashion's sake. All the information you daily desire is to know how goes on the fashionable world: and whether the devil, the prime leader of the ton, has sought out any new invention, whereby to widen the wide breach and strengthen the strong barrier between the respectable upper ten thousand and the contemptible lower five million. When your husbands come home in the evening, your great concern is to inquire how much money they have "picked up" during the day?—what success they have had in swindling?—how many they have been enabled to cheat, and to what purpose? and what are the morrow's prospects of a good grab among a hundred and fifty thousand grabbers? And then, whether a cent has been made, or a hundred dollars lost, you must still go on adding to your extravagant follies and fineries—blowing up your bladders of vanity and pride—till suddenly they burst, and then all the "respectability," all the "quality" vanishes into thin air for ever; and you take your places so far in the rear of society as to be scarce worthy of a nod from a scraggle-headed son of a Nobody. You women of Gotham are the cause of more distress and ruination than all the locusts, famines, and rotten banking institutions that ever afflicted the land. If you could only be content to go to Nicodemus solitary and alone, I wouldn't grumble at all—on the contrary, I would sing out, like a Turk from a minaret, or a boy from under a hay-stack, *LAUS DEO!* But no, you must take us men by the hair, and drag us after you!

Ye Dandies of Gotham: I have seen fools and fops in more than forty different cities, but none to compare with you. I have seen them so sickeningly soft and silly as to entirely stop the growth of thriving little villages; but you are as much softer than they, as the side of a pudding bag is softer than the belly of a dinner pot. A fly's foot would make impression upon your pates as visible as a mouse-track in a meal-chest. I am afraid to let you feel the full force of my sermonizing indignation, lest it leave you like the spilt contents of a bowl of mush and milk—too shallow to be scraped up with a spoon, and nothing to be got at with a fork. Oh, you oily-haired, greasy-whiskered, debilitated apparitions of Nature's unhandiwork!—you require to be handled with as much care as a tallow candle in August. You melt before the smile of a maiden like a lump of butter before a glowing grate of anthracite; and then we have superlative distress made still softer. With a few fashionable phrases in your noddles—a face most barbarously brutalized—a ridiculously genteel apparel, and a most audacious assurance—you tip and teeter about, thinking that you entrap the admiration of everybody and everything—that of the ladies in particular. But the worst of it is, you are mistaken—the medium of it is, you don't know any

better—and the best of it is, there is no danger of your **MAKING** fools of yourselves wherever you go. I have done with you.

Ye Belles of Gotham: I shall not be so severe with you as the importance of the subject demands; but you are an expensive article, and you know it. What your real value is, never has, and perhaps never will be, fully determined—it depends on circumstances. You are as deceitful creatures as ever wore feathers. You are not what you seem to be by a long odds; and I am not sure but nine out of ten of the Biddies who personally patronize the town pump, are worth more for domestic purposes, and to contribute to the happiness of a husband, than the best of you. However, I will let you pass.

Ye Inhabitants of Gotham: you are a wicked and perverse generation, going about one among another, seeking whom ye may devour, —newspaper critics stoning the prophets and killing them—and every one disregarding the righteous motto of “live and let live.” Behold! the time may come when your house will be left unto you desolate. It surely will come, unless you mend your ways, and act more according to the principles of piety, charity, and good will. So mote it be!

A sermon on Woman's Love concludes the first volume from which we have torn the foregoing selections; and as the Preacher is gallant enough on other occasions, we trust it will not damage him with the fair readers of England, if we quote the rather unfavourable comparison

ON WOMAN'S LOVE.

TEXT.—Women talk of love for fashion,
So they do of spirits walking;
But no more they feel the passion,
Than see the ghost of which they're talking.

MY HEARERS: I feel as short as pie-crust. I mean to put it to all the women in creation in the hardest kind of style, because I have my reasons for it. I called on Mrs. Upstart the other day, and got to reasoning with her on topics of love, virtue, preaching, piety, and other matters in my line of business; and all at once she flew into a whirlwind, and raged awfully for a minute or two. Says she to me, “Mr. Dow, you are a hyperbolical old hypocrite, and if you don't budge out of my house, I'll give you a practical illustration of female influence!” Whereupon I picked up my cane and made tracks, determined to express my sentiments in regard to woman's love—and so I will. I may think differently when I get over this fit; but as it is, I mean to give the whole petticoat tribe a regular stirring up—and they might as well take it easy, as to make up mouths about it.

Women, my hearers, always like to be jabbering over matters that they don't know anything about. They know as much about

love as they do about the Florida war—and that's all hearsay; yet to hear silly girls for ever and eternally talking about Cupid, hearts, darts, and the tender passion, a body would naturally suppose that the little lovegod had feathered his nest in their pretty bosoms (I must call them pretty), and only went out on errands, to return at the bidding of his mistresses. But I say, the birth, habitation, and lodging-place of Cupid is in the quiet and secret chamber of man's own heart. He is only set at liberty occasionally to sport for an hour or so among the frail flowers of womanhood, to gather from each, like the bee, a few particles of honey. Yes, my friends, man alone is the parent and possessor of love. It is a thing of reality with him; with woman it is the illegitimate child of fancy. A girl may feel happy in the warm light of a lover's smile, and show something like affection for him; but that isn't love: it don't begin to be. She should feel a sort of crawling all over, like a bunch of carded wool on a hot stove—she should feel as if her heart-strings were made of india-rubber, and kept stretching out—she should feel as if she wanted to die for something, and didn't care what—she should feel as if she was climbing up to smell of roses, while thorns were tickling her under the short ribs—she should feel sick about sundown, when angels of love are furling their golden pinions behind the crimson curtains of the west, to take a comfortable snooze on the gay pillows of amber—in short, for a girl to be in love, she should feel pretty queer: I know exactly how she should feel, and yet I can't express it. To give you some idea of it, she should feel some how or other as if she kinder wanted to, and didn't want to. That's as near as I can get at it. She knows what it is to be loved, but she hasn't the skin of an idea of knowing what it is to love. Women go through the whole routine of love as if it were a mechanical matter of form. Their kisses appear to have been manufactured and laid by for the occasion, till they are cold and inadhesive. Men's rise spontaneously from the heart, soft, warm, and pliable, and stick like wax. So mote it be!

ON KISSING.

TEXT.—For me, I kiss but very few,
 But with that kiss my heart goes too:
 I hold a very Judas he
 Who'd kiss but in sincerity.

MY HEARERS: Kisses may be reckoned among the luxuries of life, rather than among its necessaries; and the reason why so many are fond of indulging in them is, because they belong to the superfluities of this world, and contribute neither to the nourishment of the body nor to the welfare of the soul, but merely afford a moment's gratification. Formal or ceremonious kisses are like manufactured flowers—very fine in appearance, but wanting in fragrance; and their superabundance only goes to show that the present is a very

artificial state of society, as the monkey said when his master put breeches on him. The common custom of kissing the Bible in order to give the appearance of solemnity to an oath, unless the kiss be hot from the heart, is impious mockery, and ought never to be practised in a country like this, where Christianity and common sense are supposed to be closely combined. This cold kind of kissing produces no blissful excitement, and often leads to bad results; and I have no doubt but the old woman experienced more pleasure when she kissed her cow, than half of the young men who bestow busses upon the cheek of beauty, unwarmed by the fire of affection.

My young friends: you may go to your private evening parties, where all is gaiety, joiey, and hilarity—where the lovely angels of earth, dressed in the snowy robes of purity, look tempting enough to make a saint turn sinner, and perform a pilgrimage from paradise to perdition for the sake of a single glorious smack. Go, then, and feast till you fatten upon forfeited kisses; but be assured that, although they may be attended with some little sport and amusement, they are just as destitute of real ecstasy as a fox's back is of fur in the month of June, or an oyster of fine flavour in August. True bliss only attends the warm kiss of fervent love. When a young man presses the girl that he sincerely loves to his bosom—when heart meets heart—when soul mingles with soul—and when lips meet lips—oh! then come exquisite touches of tenderness!—then he cannot help feeling a sort of furziness all over!—and she must unquestionably feel as though she were ready to pin-feather at the moment. Such, my young brethren, are the delightful, but indescribable, sensations attending the kiss of pure and unadulterated love. But he that kisses only to deceive and seduce, imbibes a poison at the time, which rankles in his bosom, and induces more or less of grief and mortification, according to the injury inflicted. I hold him a very Judas at best; and if he were to go straightway and hang himself, society would reckon his loss as an unlooked-for and fortunate gain.

My hearers: as for me, I don't dive very deeply into miscellaneous kissing, and consequently kiss but few; but, when I do kiss, an explosion takes place which must convince all within hearing that it originates from the heart, and is meant in earnest. There was a time, in my schoolboy days, when I could extract the sweets of a kiss as calmly, composedly, and I may say as coldly, as a bee sucks the honey from a hollyhock; but now I never undertake the business of bussing unless I go into it with a heart heated in the blaze of enthusiasm. A mother kisses her child; true lovers do the same to one another, and no evil consequences ensue; doves bill and coo, and they know no more about the practised arts of love than a man knows when he goes to sleep: but, oh! this kissing to gain some mean, mercenary, or unlawful end, ought never to be countenanced in a Christian community. To kiss in jest, as is often practised by chaps among the girls, is productive of no absolute harm nor actual

good; yet the young men love to indulge in it; and so long as the amusement is innocent in itself, I have no objections to their gratifying their naughty, but not wicked propensities, to their hearts' content. But they must be careful whom they kiss, and how they kiss. Some girls will undergo the pleasurable punishment as quietly as a good-natured child submits to baptism by sprinkling—some twist and squirm like an eel while being skinned, and either return a smart slap in the face, or exercise no other defence than by merely saying, "Why aint you ashamed!" And then again there are others whom it is as dangerous to attempt to kiss as it would be to undertake to break open the trunk of an elephant. Look out for this latter sort, my young friends; for they have teeth like a tiger's, and claws like a wild cat's, and you must keep at a respectful distance, or pay dearly for your rashness.

You, married men, may greet one another with a holy kiss, but don't kiss each other's wives, lest the green-eyed monster haunt the blooming bowers of matrimony, and every beautiful blossom of connubial bliss be blighted in the frost-bringing breeze of jealousy. You, young folks, of both genders, partake prudently of the pleasures of kissing, now while every kiss is rendered hot by the enthusiasm of youthful ardour—for, like buckwheat cakes, they are only good while hot; and they will grow cold for a certainty as you go down into the frosty vale of years, where beauty loses its charms, and pleasure its power to entice. I want you, my young sinners, to kiss and get married; and then devote your time to the study of morality and money-making. Then let your homes be well provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, potatoes, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, crackers, faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, virtue, wine, and wisdom. Have all these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink anything intoxicating—eat moderately—go about business after breakfast—lounge a little after dinner—chat after tea—and kiss after quarrelling; and all the joy, the peace, and the bliss the earth can afford shall be yours, till the graves close over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and a happier world. So mote it be!

ON AVARICE.

TEXT.—God made man, and man made money,
God made bees, and bees made honey.

MY HEARERS: If you were to ask me for what purpose man was created, I should say at once, he was created to love, serve, and obey his Maker, and to do all the good he can, without directly meddling with the business of others: but, generally speaking, he does not like to believe this doctrine:

He'd rather believe that the chief end of man
Is to keep what he's got, and to get what he can.

I think, my hearers, that man has made money his chief end, whether he is designed for it or not. Go where you will among the nations of the earth—among the enlightened, civilized, half-civilized, savage, heathen, barbarian, unitarian, trinitarian, bibletarian, nothingarian, and Money is the god bowed down to by all. Yes, my friends, it is the general or universal god for the whole world. There is but one greater and more powerful; but it makes me feel bad to say, that this greater one is most shamefully slighted by the unhallowed attentions paid the other. The difference is, one is worshipped six days in the week—ay, I may say seven—while the other is worshipped only one day, and, in thousands of cases, not even that. You may well hang down your heads, ye proselytes of modern avarice, and blush for the shameful truths that I fire off at you! I shoot no blank cartridges—mine are no paper wads—but, with the leaden bullets of conviction, I mean to pierce your understanding chests, which, alas! have been converted into sub-treasures for miserly, worldly, gain-getting, hard-currency thoughts. Supposing, my hearers, that I should, in the superabundance of truth and honesty, have the superfluous kindness to say that you were all worshippers of false gods, the same as are those pagan idolators of the East, who don't know enough to move back when too near the fire: supposing I should say this—what might you do to me? You might, perhaps, tar and feather me—you might ride me on a rail, as averse as I am to such a mode of travelling—you might persecute me to the fullest extent of the Lynch law. Therefore I shant say any such thing: but I will venture to say, that between you and the poor ignorant heathen there is a practical likeness. They bow down to a log of wood, a piece of stone, or a pair of suifed breeches; and you worship pieces of gold, bits of silver, and scraps of paper. How much better, then, are you than they? Not but a precious little, when the moral and intellectual advantages which you possess are thrown into the scale of consideration. They, poor things, are surrounded by the thickest darkness of ignorance—so thick that their little sixteen-to-the-pound candles of instinct can burn with but a sickly glare: but you, my dear friends, are differently situated. Here you are, placed in an ever-blooming garden of knowledge. The sun of enlightenment shines down upon you from an unclouded firmament of peace: around you, on every side, flow streams of learning, enriching the soil of your intellects, and beautifying the flowery vales of virtue: before you stand the two trees of good and evil, and you know which is what as well as I do. With all these advantages, how is it possible that you, ye children of avarice, can be content to wallow in the filthy mire of lucre? But you will keep gnawing at the root of all evil, regardless of the poison that lurks therein, the effect of which is most awful. It causes some to steal sheep, rob hen-roosts, lie, cheat and dissemble—others to put on the robe of piety, and go to church to pick pockets in prayer time—others to squeeze a poor

man's sixpence in his clutches, till it squeals out for mercy—and others to perform a clandestine pilgrimage to Texas, to worship at the shrine of Mammon.

O, my friends! these things are a disgrace to a civilized community. I have no objections to your making money, if you can make it honestly and not too fast. Go to the bees, those little democratic insects, and grow wiser. They obtain their bread and their honey by incessant industry. There are no beggarly misers, thieves and robbers among them—no land-sharks, money-changers, flint-skinners, and sharpers—no striking for wages—no wrangling, disputing and quarrelling about gain, and the division of spoils. No, my friends, all there is love, harmony, industry, and peace. The corruptions of avarice can find no crack through which to enter their well secured domiciles; and sloth is drummed out instanter by the whole bee posse comitatus. The bee quits his hive in the morning, as soon as the sun begins to lick the dew from the grass, and hies him away to far distant fields, where he buzzes about from flower to flower, till he is heavily laden with the treasure he seeks; and he then returns, re-returns, and returns again, and so on till the shades of evening call him in. He folds up his wings and retires to sleep with a calm conscience; for he knows that he has minded his own business, not meddled with others, and laboured to prepare for a rainy day. His sleep must be sweet, and no mistake.

My hearers: I might as well let out the whole cable of my opinion, as to keep such a weight of it coiled up in my breast. Therefore, I say, I consider the practice of bees making honey far more decent than many of your modern plans for making money, because one is made by industry—the other by fraud, idleness, and rascality. You will all go to destruction in a dirt cart one of these days, unless you think less of money, and more of your own moral characters. The devil is fishing for you with a shilling on his hook for a bait. He caught a lawyer the other day, but he couldn't keep him. He went to scale him, but he didn't like to be in such a scrape; and so he slipped through his fingers, and went ker-flap down into the muddy pool of his former iniquity. But you, my friends, are not all lawyers; so I advise you not to snap rashly at the devil's shilling, nor hang longingly round it, or you may get hooked up by the gill—and if you do you are fried eels, as sure as a cat can jump. All you want here is enough to make you comfortable; and that can always be got fairly—besides a small surplus to pay your passages to that happy land where one is as rich as another, and a perfect equality exists. So mote it be!

ON CITIES.

TEXT.—Cities are sinks that gather filth and vice.

MY HEARERS: Nothing can be more true than the words of my text. Cities are great grease-spots of vice upon the fair carpet of the earth—putrid pools of corruption, that generate some of the most loathsome creatures in the form of humanity imaginable; and perhaps a few whose souls would be comparatively pure and unstained were it not for the contamination of the polluted atmosphere by which they are surrounded. Look, my friends, at this city of sin in which I am now sojourning—this misery-stricken metropolis of the new world. It is a most beautiful blemish upon the surface of the globe—a bad egg, that appears fair upon the outside, but contains the foulest of stench within. I lately performed a pilgrimage to that offensive ulcer upon the heart of Gotham, vulgarly called the “Five Points.” I went not only to inspect the public streets in that neighbourhood, but also as an inspector of the public morals; and I found, to my regret, that the condition of the one was equally as wretched as that of the other. Oh, my friends! I saw that the filth of the gutters which casts its sickening effluvia abroad, was a true and perfect emblem of the putrescent moral matter that surrounded the hearts of its miserable inhabitants; and I couldn’t help exclaiming—My God! can it be possible that any of my fellow creatures can take delight or find the least particle of pleasure in thus wallowing in the mire of licentious vice! No—they cannot know how pleasant are the paths of virtue, so long as they remain sunk knee-deep in the swamp of sin; and I should seek no greater bliss than be granted with the privilege and gifted with the power to grasp the men even by their coat-tails and the women by their petticoats, and haul them out from this foul puddle of sin to dry upon the sunny banks of salvation.

My friends: this splendid Manhattan isle of ours of which we boast, is but the receptacle of filth of foreign nations. The scum of mortality that is drifted across the Atlantic, and washed upon our shores, is enough to spoil a day’s appetite for dinner. I am willing to acknowledge that some noble specimens of the human race from Europe and the East see fit to adopt this as their country and home; and that many beautiful exotics, in the way of carnal feminine flowers, are transplanted to American soil; but I do seriously assert, that the majority of the transatlantic genus homo, whom fate, fortune or circumstance drives hither, are minus money, and not overplus in morality—incurable cancers upon the broad back of the community. Ere they understand the principle upon which rest the pillars of our democratic institutions, and before they have learnt the great A in the alphabet of republicanism, they sacrilegiously enter the Temple of Freedom: and the fumes arising from the incense of ignorance they burn upon the altar of Liberty, are enough to stifle the big bellows of a blacksmith. A city like

this, my friends, is, and always will be, subject to such baneful influence ; and if the legitimate protectors of our national welfare do not keep one eye open at least, to the best interests of the country, the palladium of our political rights is of no more use than trying to frighten a thunderbolt with a pair of pistols and a bowie knife. But, my foreign friends, allow me to remark that I am related to you all by consanguinity—that I look upon you as brothers in the human household—that whatever I say is dictated by truth, unswayed by fear or friendship—and that I consider you, as a whole, are deserving of all, if not more, than Americans can boast of—and I know that many of my own countrymen are in the habit of boasting till they burst.

My dear friends : if New York continues to gather such all manner of iniquities as at present, the time will soon come when the loud thunder of retributive justice will peal from the heavens, with a crash that shall cause the adamantine pillars of the Egyptian Tombs to tremble, and the Pewter Mug in Frankfort-street to hide itself behind the banner of the Washington Temperance Society. At any rate, the day WILL come when this great metropolis will be laid low in the dust, and its inhabitants consigned to the oblivious tomb. It is already filthy enough, morally and naturally, to be devoured by its own rottenness. Money is making sad mischief in its midst; for, by its all-potent influence, murderers, thieves, burglars, forgers, and seducers of female innocence, are daily escaping the punishment due to them. Oh, my friends, what a quantity of wickedness there is concentrated in this little village ! You lie in ambush for each other as a tiger does for its prey—you assume to be virtuous in order that you may the better carry out your vicious intents—you don't draw your nourishment directly from the ground, and therefore, like fishes, you feed upon one another ; and the simplest and the weakest fall victims to the shrewdest and the strongest. Reform, O ye sons and daughters of sin ! and you may yet number the days upon earth as did your ancestors of yore. So mote it be !

In a Sermon on Cruelty to Animals, after this show up of the effects of immigration, the voice of humanity is not weakly enforced, although in a jocular vein—"Man (says the preacher) is nothing more than a lump of dirt in the scale of animated nature, and when he dies he minglest his ashes with those of the reptiles of the earth ; and I feel well assured that even Professor Silliman himself could not pick out two particles of once organized dust, and swear that this is reptiferous and that human. It is true that man is endowed with intellect and reason, which is (are) denied the beasts ; but this only adds a thicker coat of shame to the disgrace of wantonly molesting or torturing them while they are quietly snoozing in the comfortable lap of Nature, who provides for them with maternal tenderness and care, as being her first-born, and legitimately entitled to her love and protection. If cats and dogs do sometimes come to tooth and claw with each other, and kick up bloody rows, we can forgive them, because they know no better ; but for reasoning man to purposely

crush beneath his high-heeled boots of arrogance, or to annoy dumb animals in any manner, is wholly inexcusable, and he ought to suffer for it."

We quote this passage, however, rather for the sake of the sentiment than the humour; for it is gratifying to find the New World vying with the Old in the reprehension of barbarities which only inure the minds of men to the disregard of sufferings, and prepare them for the commission of wrongs and injuries upon their own species. Whilst they are tolerated we can have little foundation to boast of our "progress in improvement" (in his adjoining discourse) on which the Rev. Dow irreverently proclaims, "In short, half of our human improvements amount to no more than would an attempt at making a rope longer by cutting a piece from one end and tying it on the other." And yet he observes: "The spirit of improvement in the arts, sciences, agriculture and commerce, is going a-head like wild-fire on a prairie, and there is no end to it—no stopping it—no such thing as a goal of perfection. But before I proceed farther, allow me to remark that we don't improve in everything quite so fast as we think we do; if we did, we men should all have become, ere this, gods, barely lacking omnipotence, and the women angels without wings. The world is too apt to think that every new feather in the cap of Fashion—every new wheel in the complicated machinery of art—every dereliction from the plain paths trod—are all decided improvements; but the idea is no more correct than a wooden watch."

It is a very common and general error to suppose that where there is much wit there can be but little judgment, and that the sparkling of imagination is a sign of a want of depth in the understanding. They are not only by no means incompatible, but, when conjoined, proclaim that superiority of mind which elevates man to greatness in the intellectual scale. All the dull and solid ratiocination in the world could not have more effect in persuading us to peace and harmony than our author's quaintly-put declaration:—"The beasts of the forest fight for mastery over one another, but it was designed that man should get his living by elbow grease, by study, and by wit; that he should work easy under the yoke of fellowship, and not get his leg over the traces at every fancied insult; but live with his fellow-men as peacefully as five peas in a pod, and journey on together through life, crowned with the evergreen bays of mutual love. I want to establish a sort of millenium, on a small scale, and see how it works."

We have considered it but justice to particularize, even so briefly, the good sense of Dow, jr., allowing his peculiar Yankee humour, striking as it is, to speak for itself. Of the latter, the "Sermon on Devils" affords a fair example of the qualities we have ascribed to him and to his country. After an appropriate poetical quotation from our lamented Praed, (a complete edition of whose poems is, by the by, a great desideratum,) he proceeds:—

'My Hearers: I've got to take a devilish subject by the horns this time; however, I am as bold as a lion; and don't care a straw

even for the devil of devils, old Beelzebub himself. He and I had a set-to, long time ago, as the poet says—and the way I thrashed the old covy was a caution to his imps. He first came palavering round me, and tried to stuff me up with all sorts of Tartarean blarney. He said that vice, immorality, intemperance, and all such trash, was just the sort o' thing to carry a man safely round the corners of this octagonal world. Said I, (putting my thumb on my nose, as the boys do,) "you can't catch an old bird with such chaff as that—you're a liar, Satan, from the very beginning of all that ever begun to be, and you know it, too." So I doubled up my two Gospels, and let him have it, right over the left peeper—then hit his retrospective a kick, and told him to go to —. He cut his stick for dear life, and never has troubled me since. That, my hearers, was what I call fighting the good fight; and you should all do the same when similarly molested. Just spunk up to the old codger—let him know you are not afraid of him, and you'll quick find out that he is one of the biggest cowards that ever wore hair.

But, my friends, there are more devils than one, that go about this world, "seeking where they might catch somebody." Some are monsters, and frightful to behold—others are little, and look pretty; but these are some of the worst kind, because you can't fight 'em, more than you can mosquitos. Some devils have horns—some don't—and some have horns that shove in and out, like a pencil-case—out when they want to use them—in at other times. Look out for these fellows! They are sly devils, that mix up a great deal of mischief for us mortals. They may be found in great numbers in this goodly city of Gotham—ay, even in that filthy lane of lucre which projecteth towards the two great rivers, called Wall Street. They carry their tails curled up in a knot, or wind 'em round their legs, and tuck their ends into their boots—keep away from these devils, if you please. There are devils among us that show their hoofs, their horns, and the whole length of their tails. I need not warn you against such; because, as my friend Alexander Pope says, they are monsters with such confounded ugly mugs, that, to be shunned and despised, they have only to be squinted at. The meek devils belong to the cunning tribe; but we have a set of brawling devils around us that are enough to bring the ten plagues of Egypt upon the Kingdom of Righteousness. They woke up Beelzebub upon New-Year's night by their infernal orgies. They are his disinherited children—and I verily believe that when they are cast back into the stagnant pools of damnation that spawned them, they will give their kindred spirits the scurvy, and Tophet itself will have a touch of the black vomit.

Now, my dear Friends, I must pass over a lot of other devils that are lying in ambush for us to one of a very peculiar and witching nature, and (as my text says) the very worst devil of all—

But a laughing woman with two black eyes
Is the worstest devil of all,

—one that often tempts me to commit a few delightful sins, under

the captivating spell of its charms. A laughing woman with two bright eyes, is the very animal. Who can hold on the reins of sober reason when this beautiful devil is piercing the heart with the arrows of love that are propelled by the lightning of its eyes? I can't, and don't try to. There is something under the silken eyelashes of a young feminine devil that shoots a load of harmless sin right into a body; and makes him feel as if he was strung up by the ears, and dancing in an atmosphere of bliss! O, it's a queer sensation! and I exonerate all from the blame of imprudence who may be caught up and borne away on the demi-angelic wings of woman's love. I have sometimes thought that the devil which tempted Eve in Paradise was her own beautiful shadow. No—it couldn't have been; for she never could have been driven out of the garden for such an unsinful act of worship. It was a blasted snake. Down with the snakes, I say! Death to all snakes!

I could expatiate on the subject from now till breakfast. I may touch upon it again one of these days; but for the present, I have only to say, that if you don't fall into the clutches of any worse devil than lovely woman (as bad as she may be) you may consider yourselves as favourable candidates for offices in the highest courts of heaven. So mote it be.

We must now, however, be as select and curt as possible in our remaining illustrations. Here is a nice Yankee bit *ad captandum*—“If John Bull has a mind to let Queen Victoria wear his breeches, it's none of my bread and butter. Let her go ahead; but depend upon it, that if grim-visaged war walks into her affections, there will be a loud cry among the people, like that of the fabled frogs, for Jupiter to send them a ruler who has real power as well as imaginary influence. A lot of sea-gulls idly flapping around the thrones of monarchies portend evil; but when we see the courageous eagle extending his broad pinions over a thriving republic, we have nothing to fear.” How different from the late American speeches at Southampton and Manchester. And yet the republic is not all perfect, for only listen to the account of its rulers.—“Our Congressmen, my friends, what are they? Nothing but blood-suckers upon the cheek of Uncle Sam. They talk and drink for eight dollars a-day, and you have to stand treat. Don't be deceived. While they pretend to strengthen the pillars which support our temple of liberty, they are often, by their very acts, undermining its base; and you mustn't be surprised if the whole fabric comes down, one of these days, with an awful crash, and upon its ruins spring up the deadly upas of despotism. The fact need not be concealed that our senators and representatives, who are now feeding upon government fodder at the district of Columbia, will gamble at the faro-banks—play cards—dice—make use of profane language—quarrel—fight duels—and drink gin cocktails.” The rest of the diatribe is equally complimentary to the government, the legislature, and the population of the country.

Readers will have formed an opinion of the general features of

the American Patent Sermons from what we have already placed before them, but some of the more marked traits demand to be set forth, in order to afford a clear and distinct "notion" of the difference, as regards peculiarity, between transatlantic and old world funniness.

"My friends," says Dow, "I call my discourses Sermons, because I go on in a sermonizing strain with whatever subject my fancy pitches upon. A sermon is not necessarily confined to religion. I call them Patent, because their style is peculiar to myself—inherent within me, and I can't help it. They are short, because they are not long. This explains the whole." . . . This is part of a defence against an allegation that the Sermons had a tendency to bring religion into ridicule, which he declares so shocked him (as, indeed, there is no ground for it) that he at first shuddered at the idea, and a sort of chill crawled up his trousers' legs, like a bushel of spiders! And then he breaks off to the Present Day Poets, in his own whimsical *melange* of jest and earnest, astute observation, and satirical pleasantry. The remarks apply equally to England and America:—

"When a minstrel dies, at the present day, his harp is buried to rot with him; and the clod-worm dissevers its strings, while feeding on his once-devoted heart. It is not suffered to hang upon the cypress, and re-echo the strains it once gave out. No—it goes to blight ruin the moment the fingers that swept it have crumbled to dust. There was a time, my hearers, when poetry was thought to exude from the pen of inspiration; afterwards, the summit of Parnassus was hardly accessible to the strongest pinions of Genius; and poets walked out of the world surrounded by an inextinguishable blaze of glory—but now-a-days, minstrelsy is as common as shad in April, and thought not half so much of. Every schoolboy can write poetry now; and the flowers of sentiment that decorate the lyres of our greatest bards are nothing more than artificial ones, in imitation of those that bloomed in the gardens which the Muses planted in days of yore. The girdle of Apollo has been worn threadbare in the service of the Nine, and is now no longer fit to gird up the loins of a penny rhymester. A body might as well think of revolutionizing the world with Bennett's Herald, as to suppose he can gain immortality by scribbling verses. I tell you, my friends, poetry, at the present day, is no go. It is nothing but brushwood on fire. It blazes up for a moment, then dies in smoke, and all its genius; brightness, and beauty, is left to smoulder in its embers. When a poet dies, his name and his fame die with him. He jumps off from the highest cliff of ambition down, down into the unfathomable gulf of nonentity. He gives one kick, and the circling waves of sympathy extend to his nearest friends and relations, but no further. Even their tears soon become dried, *and memory loses its way to his silent abode*. My friends, never write poetry for fame, for if you do, you will get about as large a quantity of it as you would of gold by skinning a rainbow. Write it for amusement only, or not at all—

that's the way I do. Get married, above all things, for there is nothing like matrimony to prevent a thousand useless germs of poetry from sprouting in the heart. . . . Don't wed yourselves to the Muses, but wed to one another, and prevent being wedded for ever to woe. So mote it be!"

To these more diffuse illustrations, or, as some have called them, general features, we will now add a few specimens of the pithy, aphoristic passages to which we have alluded, as marked traits in the Yankee countenance. It is these in particular which impart the expression to the whole. On the proper use of time, if made, it is declared that "happiness, peace, and contentment are yours; if not, you will always be miserable shoats, though you live till you are as grey as woodchucks." And running over the volume, we merely copy or repeat such bits as the following, offering no comment on the grave or gay.

"The whitest foam dances upon the darkest billow, and the stars shine the brightest when surrounded by the blackest of thunder-clouds, even as a diamond pin glistens with the greatest effulgence when fastened upon the ebony bosom of an Ethiopian wench. So Hope mirrors its most brilliant rays in the dark wave of despair."

His profession of feeling: "My heart is very spongy, and always full of the juice."

Equality: "A difference exists in different individuals, and they are no more born equal than a bushel of potatoes; and all the colleges in Christendom can't make them so. Chalk that down on the black side of your understandings."

The uncertainty of life: "My friends, you are not sure of living for any decent length of time—nay, to-morrow yeu may be cold tallow, done up in a rag and laid aside. Even you, little babes—you improved specimens of domestic manufacture! you two-quart jugs of milk! you may spring a leak in less than a week, and let life's contents soak into the earth. And you older ones! the hoops may fly off from your pork-barrels before you know it, allowing all the vital brine to escape, and leave you tainting in the mouldy sepulchre."

As for himself, he admits—"If the world should find it perfectly convenient to place me upon its record of illustrious dead, I shall have no very obstreperous objections. If it shouldn't—so be it; for I feel pretty confident that when I absquatilate, I shall go to a world where they use half a dozen such hemispheres (?) as ours for spit-boxes to furnish a single parlour of glory."

Sam Slick himself could not banter puffery and soft sawder more quaintly than Dow. "There's nothing now-a-days like raising a smoke, to make folks believe you do something, whether you do or not. You now and then come across a person who always raises such a smoke, that you might take him to be a real volcano—a walking Vesuvius—at a short distance; but when you come to examine him closely, he is nothing but a mere puff-ball. But what's the odds? Such a fellow is sure to glide down the path of life as sleek as a

whistle—and that's what we are all after, after all. Smoke, my friends, deceives a great many. The British got pretty nicely sucked in, when our Dutch granddaddies went to smoking on the Battery, and concealed it beneath a cloud of tobacco fume. I saw a loafer, one frosty morning last winter, smoke a cigar three hours after the fire had gone out—the steam of his own breath looked so much like smoke that he didn't know the difference. The fact is, when a man says 'I knew by the smoke,' you may take it for granted he dont know much about the matter, any way."

Being wide awake. "One thing is certain, if opportunity is neglected it will never occur again. Opportunities come in at the door, and slip out at the window; and you might wish and whistle from July to eternity, with the hope of recalling them; but, my friends, they pass by in single file, extending from the cradle to the grave; and if you don't pitch upon them as they come along, depend upon it, they are out of your clutches for ever."

Hope. "This is the greatest fault I find with Hope—she goes it too strong on the credit system—always giving promissory notes, and extending them ninety days at a notch; and the chances are ten to one she don't burst up and leave a fellow bankrupt in happiness."

Charity. "It is said that charity covereth a multitude of sins. It frequently does: but sometimes the mantle of charity is so ragged that you can see the corners of sin sticking out in every direction. It is also said, that charity should begin at home: it should so—but then it is very apt to stay there. If it gets beyond one's stomach, now-a-days, I think it does pretty well."

It is curious to hear an American inveighing against the use of tobacco; but King James himself could not be a greater counter-blastor.

"O, you vile tobacco-worms—to such of you as are in the habit of *chewing*, allow me to address myself, butt-end foremost. If you don't leave off the filthy practice, I shall put you down upon my catalogue of unclean beasts, to be shunned and avoided by all decent society. It renders your carcases as loathsome and disgusting as those of turkey buzzards; it stains your dickeys as well as your moral characters, blackens both your teeth and your souls, causes an odoriferous stench to flow continually from your mouths, and not only infuses a deadly poison into your blood, but leads you to occasional dissipation—from that to semi-occasional intoxication—and thence to actual damnation. Man's mouth, my friends, was never made for a tobacco-box; and I wonder how any one can have the courage to chew that which he dare not swallow. I'd like to see a man stuff some of the trash into his abdominal pantry. If he didn't feel uncomfortable about the waistbands soon after, it would be because sickness was afraid to come near him. Do, dear friends, for the sake of self-respect, discard the noxious quid, and not go squirting your dye-stuff along the paths of decency and good-breeding, as though none but such vermin as you are accustomed to walk therein. The ladies are not to be spit upon with impunity. You may have your boots well polished, your pantaloons and your coats

cut according to the latest fashion, and you may shine forth in all the splendour of attire—but how can you have the audacity, the brazen impudence, to look in the face of common neatness, and proclaim yourselves gentlemen, while tobacco-juice—that unclarified essence of filth—is oozing down from the corners of your mouths into your whiskers. And, augh! how can you ever have the cruelty to apply your scurf-covered lips to those of virgin purity, or bedaub the cheek of beauty with your nasty kisses? Just fancy for a moment how agreeable it would be to you if your wives or your sweethearts were to meet your embraces with cuds of tobacco in their mouths as large as bull-frogs, and with breaths thick and stout enough to hang a pair of saddle-bags across! Think of this, and resolve that your teeth, henceforth, shall not meddle with that which levels a man with a brute, and renders him unworthy the station he occupies in the scale of being."

Snuffing, as we have seen, is treated as nearly, if not quite, as bad as chewing; and especially in the sex. "When I see a woman (says the preacher) who speaks as though her nasal organ was made of bell-metal—who says 'pu'd'n' for pudding, whose skin is as yellow as the latter end of autumn—I know she takes snuff in sufficient quantities to make an Egyptian mummy sneeze in its sarcophagus; (How such an event would startle Mr. Pettigrew!) and I also know, that her brains are equally as dirty as the handkerchief she uses—and that's enough to throw a pair of tongs into convulsions."

Smoking fares a little more mildly: but when we remember that these sketches are life-draughts of social habits and national manners, we are inclined to wonder how the American public could take them so patiently from the pencil of a countryman, while they have always resented so bitterly the similar representations of English visitors, such as Mrs. Trollope or Mr. Dickens.

We are much tempted by the 80th Sermon, on the Loquacity of Woman, in which the female tongue is sorely put to the question; but as Dow is (as we have noticed) generally gallant, we shall spare him the risk of having to answer for these doctrines. Those maintained in the 90th Sermon he might find it still more difficult to palm upon the world, either old or new, for he literally, for the sake of old maids, upholds the practice of polygamy, which he considers to be in as perfect accordance with the laws of God and nature as is the union between five grey geese and a white gander.

But we leave this knotty point for the elderly maidens to determine, and whether they agree with Dow or not, it is no business of ours. If they would rather have, as he avers, "a half, a quarter, a fifth, or even a decimal of a husband, than no husband at all," so be it: if not, let it be so.

We shall only add that the writer displays considerable feeling for the beauties of nature; and were it not for the fear that our volume may be unique, or nearly so, on this side of the water, we would refer to a charming description of spring, and an admirable American landscape; whilst, on the subject of the old year, there is as effective an inculcation of the golden rule as we ever met with.

In short, there is a good deal of the solid in the work, though dressed with sauce piquant; and follies and vices are not more excused in consequence of being handled with ridicule. The gist and characteristics of all may be scanned up pretty accurately in the opening of the 54th Sermon.

"My dear Hearers: There's no kind of use in my preaching myself to death, unless you have a mind to grow wiser and become better for it. I'm obliged to put just so much seasoning in my sermons—for half of the moral soup that is ladled out now-a-days is so very insipid that people won't even smell of it. Egad! they fall asleep with their noses stuck right in the dish. You don't sleep over mine—but I'm very sorry that some of you will sit and laugh and giggle, when you ought to look as grave as the Jack of Spades. Why, you seem to think I preach just to amuse you, and poke fun into serious matters; but it's no such thing. Whatever I say, contains a moral; and if you don't profit by it, the fault is all on your side, and the misfortune on mine. The fact is, if you don't make more inside improvement, I shall go straight over to Jersey, and preach to the heathens. I'll see if I can't raise a rumpus with the devil's supernumeraries somewhere."

Upon the which, we conclude with Dow's usual finale, "So mote it be!"

THE END.

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